Reader's Digest

Articles of Lasting Interest

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SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SEPTEMBER, 1930

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BESIDES those who win prizes of $25, $15 and $10, twenty-five readers of the Digest who write the most thoughtful replies to the foregoing questions will receive awards of $2 each.

Many months of studious research, of experience and meditation went into the making of articles condensed in this issue. They will repay largely not only your casual reading, but more earnest reflection.

We want you to savor their full value — to extract all that their writers put into them. And there's greater zest in reading the Digest if you explore the fascinating territories of thought that lie between the printed lines. Also it's as entertaining as a game to set down in your own words the results of such exploration.

For what, in the judgment of our editors, are *the most thoughtful* letters discussing the questions above, we offer a first award of $25, a second of $15 and a third of $10, with twenty-five additional awards of $2 each.

Letters must reach this office on or before October 1st. Names of winners will be published in our December issue.

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Guiding the Mob Mind

Condensed from the New York Herald Tribune (April 13, '30)

Dr. William A. White and Mary Day Winn

SCIENTIFIC inventions — radio, airplanes, television — are turning the population of the world, psychologically speaking, into a mob; in that fact is danger as well as opportunity, since the collective intelligence of any group of people who are thinking as a "herd," rather than individually, is no higher than the intelligence of the stupidest members. As Le Bon has pointed out, the crowd mind is impulsive, credulous, intolerant, prone to exaggeration, lacking in moral responsibility, moved by mystical emotionalism, blindly obedient to a leader, and — what is very important — highly suggestible.

Witness the parrot fever scare. A few individuals were found to be suffering from an obscure disease caught from birds. Almost the whole civilized earth heard of it within 24 hours. On reading the resulting news items hundreds of people throughout the world who owned parrots were beset with fear of the strange malady. Although they lived in widely separated places, this common fear made them into a crowd. And since the herd mind is highly suggestible, the first result of the parrot fever news item was that many of the individuals who read it decided that they also had contracted the strange malady. Their conviction, confided to the press, started a fresh wave of mass suggestion. Parrot fever became the vogue, though many who had it suffered from nothing more unusual than hysteria.

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One might quote many examples of mass suggestibility. Every conspicuous suicide is followed by others in the same manner. Every great murder trial, which serves to throw the public into a herd way of thinking because of its common interest in the fate of the defendant, causes a number of entirely innocent people to confess to the crime, backing up their confessions with the most circumstantial details of just how they did it. While the Leopold and Loeb case, with its account of kidnapping and cruelty, was being given so much space in the newspapers, several Chicago families received threatening letters telling them that if they did or did not do this or that thing their children would be stolen.

A more cheerful example of mob suggestibility was the embarrassment of gifts which were showered on Colonel Lindbergh after his famous exploit. News accounts of the first gifts suggested more. These in turn, publicly reported, suggested a fresh outburst of generosity and so on until the accumulated collection required a special house to hold it.

Suggestibility, however, is by no means entirely evil or frivolous in its results. It is, in fact, the quality of human nature which makes all social life possible. If no man could influence the action of any other except by force or fear, we should probably still be savages. Common interests, aided by suggestibility, have drawn us together.

But in closely bound groups, individual thinking is dangerous. A growing spirit of tolerance among the more educated classes is being offset by the increasing ability of the mob to follow everything each of us does and to express its disapproval if what we do is "different."

In a simpler state of civilization the leaders of the community were the overlord (or most powerful man), the teacher, the priest, the elders. Under present conditions, almost any man whose voice sounds well on the radio can sway hundreds of thousands of people scattered all over the civilized world. In a picture in which Gloria Swanson was starred about two years ago the actress picked up a perfume bottle of a peculiar shape and dabbed some of its contents behind her ears. No sooner had the picture been released than dozens of stores, from Maine to California, were besieged by eager women asking for the perfume sold in that particular shape of bottle. The mere suggestion — in this case unintentional — had aroused regiments to action.

The individual members of a crowd, even when they are not in actual contact, are held to each other by a common repulsion, a

common interest, or by narcissism — that is, a love of self per se, or a love of self as one sees one's own qualities reflected in some one else.

Though love is, of course, the prime unifying force, hate or fear of some outside person or thing may weld people into a mob. This reaction, rather than pride, is of course the basis of most patriotic feeling. Much of the wartime propaganda, notably those items designed to give the impression that the Germans were melting down the bodies of dead soldiers to make soap, was fabricated to keep the pot of hatred boiling, weld the citizens of the warring nations into a herd state of mind and thereby increase their suggestibility to leadership.

One of the most effective means of creating a crowd state of mind is to introduce an issue of some sort, such as a political campaign or a religious controversy. Under these circumstances, intellect takes a holiday, and otherwise sane people will believe almost any absurd story that is ladled out to them.

The third great force which draws people together in mobs is the kind of narcissism which creates artists' colonies, free love colonies, religious communities, Latin Quarters, and all similar gatherings of people with the same points of view. They justify their own opinions by grouping themselves with those who believe as they do.

This same kind of mob spirit explains our willingness to be standardized. We like to look around and see our own qualities, our own opinions, repeated in others. It gives us a sense of rightness and security. We are afraid of being different from the herd, because different people run the risk of being destroyed. Only two classes of people are different — the leaders, who control the crowd, and the criminals and weaklings, whom the crowd annihilates. Most of us are afraid to go into unknown situations because of this same fear of being different.

The psychology of mass suggestion presents us, in the final analysis, with a new tool for raising the ethical standards of mankind by improving the quality of its leadership. It may be possible that the public will in time become educated to the point where it will be able to see the emptiness of political ballyhoo and will, therefore, refuse to follow the leader who cannot, intellectually, keep a good many jumps ahead of the crowd. Improved leadership, and a more intelligent choice of leaders cannot help but bring about a higher set of social values.

Father of Modern Architecture

Condensed from The New Yorker (July 19, '30)

Alexander Woollcott
Dramatic critic; lecturer; author

IN EUROPE and the Far East, there has been for some time a disposition to refer to Frank Lloyd Wright as the Father of Modern Architecture. Here is a native American who, a few years ago, was being hailed overseas as the outstanding creative genius of our time in architecture — an artist whose drawings were pored over by every student in Europe, a pioneer who had profoundly influenced all recent building in Germany and about whom the French and the Dutch were publishing reverent volumes, a man of achievement who had been all but canonized in Japan, whence every year the Mikado still sends several small, dusky disciples to sit at the feet of this Wisconsin Gamaliel. Yet in his own country he was almost unknown.

Of late there have been signs of America catching up with Wright. Princeton and Cornell have been summoning the alarming creature from Wisconsin to lecture to their young, and in May the Architectural League here in New York not only gave a breath-taking exhibition of his work, but followed it with an exuberant dinner in his honor.

It is true that there was a stretch of more than ten years when Wright did no work in this part of the world. The Midway Gardens in Chicago, the Larkin Building in Buffalo, the challenging Unity Temple in Oak Park, his own incomparable Taliesin, and a hundred lovely prairie homes — some of these earlier Wright buildings are now world-famous. But for a time one heard little of his work, and it is my business here to suggest why.

Four years out of that stretch, to be sure, were magnificently fertile. The work, however, was done in Japan. Most of the remaining time was taken up by sleazy scandals and the ignominious procedure which our ugly divorce laws enforce, taken up by witless and vindictive indictments and all the ugly hoodlumism which the yellow newspapers can invoke when an inevitably spectacular man gives them half a chance. Wright gave them a chance and a half. The reporter pack created an atmosphere in which no architect could work. A sculptor or a painter might have retreated to the wilderness to fulfill his destiny. Your architect, on the contrary, must work in and with a community. He must

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deal with boards of directors, with vestrymen, with bankers. He must deflect great forces of capital and labor, and, as Wright himself has been known to say, there is nothing so timid as a million dollars.

Wright went through some black and searing hours that would have destroyed anyone less vital. But at least the Japanese interlude was glorious. The Japanese wished to build an Imperial Hotel in Tokyo as a social clearing-house for their empire. They sent a commission around the world to select an architect, and this commission chose our friend from Wisconsin. It was his task to rear a beautiful and spacious palace that would take its cue from all the folkways and traditions of Japan, but which must also discover and express the secret of withstanding an earthquake.

The weight of the deepest sea in the world is forever straining intolerably the tenuous crust of that anxious island, and from time to time its surface shudders disastrously. Wright envisaged not only a stately but a flexible pleasure dome which, instead of trusting to any treacherous rock, might float instead on a sea of mud as a battleship floats on the ocean, the weight of its floors sustained not by the walls at all but by centered supports which would balance them as a waiter's fingers balance his tray.

Throughout those years he was most generously backed with money, patience, and shelter from interference by old Baron Okura, a hearty little fellow of some 80 summers, who at the time had just been presented with his 64th child by his 16th wife. If our yellow journals ever reached Japan with their tales of his architect's so-called private life, these tales must have impressed the Baron as the insipid misadventures of a comparative anchorite. At last the great palace was completed — a jointed monolith with a mosaic surface of greenish-colored, leopard-spotted lava and slim, fluted, gold-colored bricks.

Wright received as rich a reward as any man could ask when his ship set sail from Yokohama, and 60 of his foremen, who had paid their own carfare from Tokyo to see him off, stood on the pier and yelled: "*Banzai, Wrieto-San Banzai.*" Then one night in 1924 he was awakened in Los Angeles by reporters bearing the news that the worst earthquake in history had wiped out Tokyo and Yokohama. The Imperial Hotel, the reporters said, had crumbled with the rest. It was only after ten days of uncertainty that Wright received this cablegram:

"Imperial stands undamaged a monument to your genius in Japan thousands of homeless provided with uninterrupted serv-

ice congratulations. OKURA"

It seems the Imperial had rocked in the upheaval but had settled quietly back into position with no crack or dislocation.

I first saw Wright himself in 1925 in his own house at Spring Green, Wisconsin. Taliesin — that means "Radiant Brow" in Welsh — was already famous.

I had dimly heard the old wives' tale of blasting disaster which had already been visited on Taliesin. A woman with two children had followed him there from Oak Park and found shelter under his gentle roof. This hospitality had outraged the Negro butler, who darkly predicted in the village that God would punish such goings-on. As is the way with such tormented moralists, he soon got it into his demented head that God expected him to do something about it personally. One night when Wright was away from home he struck, tossing lighted torches into a kerosene-soaked dining-room and stationing himself outside with an axe to slaughter the guests as they fled through the blazing exit. In the climax of this holocaust he killed himself, so that there were seven bodies in the ruins that awaited Wright when he came home. I imagine that the wretched fanatic counted on going down in history as the author of one of the most monstrous crimes in American annals, but it attracted little attention, for he had picked a bad night for it. The front pages that morning in August, 1914, were rather given over to the news that England had declared war on Germany.

I spent two wondering hours at Taliesin. A sunset storm was gathering as I drove away. Next morning in Minneapolis I read that, within an hour after I had left, lightning had struck the house and burned it to the ground. You can see for yourself how malignant circumstances have buffeted this man. This giant.

However, it would take more than a few murders, some bolts from the blue, and the ugly lynching-cry of the mob to repress for any length of time a fellow with so rich a gift for life. A new Taliesin crowns the self-same hill today and the children of a recent and fortunate marriage are at play in the sun-dappled courtyards. I gather from newspaper references to certain glass towers projected for our own St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie and to a vast Arizona caravansary designed for San Marcos-in-the-Desert, that, after long years of costly interruption, he is back at work. I am glad, for I think he is a great man. Indeed, if the editor of this journal were so to ration me that I were suffered to apply the word "genius" to only one living American, I would have to save it up for Frank Lloyd Wright.

Locusts from the City

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (June 21, '30)

Day Edgar

THE errand, though distasteful, was familiar; so I hurried toward the woman.

"I must ask you not to pick those," I began.

With one hand clinging to a branch she turned. "Why not?" she demanded.

"That's a cherry tree," I explained, "and the owner wants the cherries this summer."

"The owner must be pretty mean!" she snapped.

"Perhaps you don't understand," I suggested. "Every branch broken off means fewer cherries. Besides, it damages the tree."

Pointedly ignoring me, the woman turned to the little boy beside her.

"Come on, Artie," she said loudly. "We'd better go before they start complaining about us breathing the air here!"

Living, as I do, on 60 acres located within easy motoring distance of a city, I have acquired a thorough knowledge of trespassers. There remains only one type that I have never met among them — a lady or a gentleman. It must be that well bred people refrain from intruding to steal or spoil.

There are some minor offenses which country property owners frequently ignore. One of these is the theft of topsoil for city flower pots. Leaves are also a trifling matter, although the damage to a tree can be serious if too many motorists help themselves. Pumpkins, of course, we have learned to plant in fields far from the road.

A neglected farm in our township was recently bought by an amiable man who made many attractive improvements. In a charming sylvan nook he made a small pond where a squadron of scarlet fish swam lazily among the lily pads.

"I'm going to throw it open to the public," he said. "It's always been a belief of mine that kindness brings out the best in people," So he put up a sign:

VISITORS ARE WELCOME

The owner invites you to enjoy this spot. Out of consideration for other visitors, he asks you kindly to leave everything as you find it.

The plan seemed to work at first. And then came the Fourth of July. My neighbor was away, but the next afternoon he asked me to

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What Price Baby-Tending?

Condensed from The North American Review (July, '30)

Avis D. Carlson

NOT long ago a young woman watched me bathe a baby, 15 minutes of routine chore and tussle with not a single necessity for more than the lowest type of cerebration. At the end of the operation she asked, "What do civilized women get out of baby-tending, anyway? No sentimentalizing, please."

I knew my questioner was thinking of interesting work, of travel, of varied contacts and the other good things of life, all of which babies inevitably curtail. What values are there in baby-tending for the civilized, sophisticated type of woman? A modern miss, who happens to be both ambitious and critical, is not going to be taken in by gush about "small pink toes" and "helpless little form." She knows, if she has seen a few of us at it, that one can be deadly bored with cooking spinach and maneuvering a sleepy child into the bed he invariably shuns.

Most of the values of baby-tending which sentimentalists have glowed over are not essentially worthy of respect. Part of them are purely sensuous. Hearing the "patter of little feet," and feeling "a downy head nestling against one's neck" sounds very poetic but is really an assertion that through the senses comes the good to be derived from the care of young children.

Now that is certainly putting the whole thing on a low basis. I am not so foolish as to suggest that the hoary old clichés represent phases of baby-care which do not exist. But if baby's head cradled in one's elbow makes one's heart swell gladly, the dead weight of him which must be lifted from crib, table, tub, and floor, keeps one's arm muscles always dully sore. If his skin is like a rose-petal it is also susceptible to measles and to grime. His feet may patter musically along the hall, but they can and do stamp in dreadful tantrums. Most decidedly no one with a grain of sense would deliberately choose baby-tending as a vocation just for its sensuous delights.

One is conscious of the sensuous delights, just as one stops to admire the bowl of pansies on one's desk and finger their velvety softness. But the value of any work worth the doing at that desk is not the opportunity to enjoy the pansies.

Other values advanced are not

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much more respectable. Take the much vaunted "sense of the child's helplessness and utter dependence." The converse of that is, of course, the feeling of God-like power which suffuses one's own being so often during the first years of parenthood. It is delightful to play God, but the temptation is to over-do the rôle till it becomes tyranny.

Hardly less respectable is the value enthusiastically urged upon the new parent, "It will be such fun to watch yourself repeated, to see your own traits and characteristics come out again." Undoubtedly there is a breathless interest in tracing one's own lineaments in the child. But the joke-books are full of stories about the parent who is convinced that all his child's desirable qualities were inherited from him, whereas the undesirables have come from the other side of the family. That in itself is enough to arouse the suspicion that much of the resemblance-tracing is a pleasant little way of patting oneself on the head.

Having come so far, I am conscious of stern eyes upon me. "Well, then," they ask, "is anything left?"

A number of things, I think.

No baby-tender ever went through her daily routine without determining to get for her charge every advantage humanly possible. If economic pressure is as stiff in her household as in most American households, the coming of the baby — and babies are frightfully expensive! — will give her a new prod toward activity. Once she has got back her strength and emotional equilibrium, she will, in the good old Yankee phrase "manage" five times as well, because she has an incentive with more driving power than any she has ever known.

A second value is the abiding sense that one is engaged in creative work. I know that my faithfulness in holding to a routine, my care that food is right, and my protection from exposure to infections, *my tending*, if you please, are helping to make the children's physical development take the course I desire.

It is the same way with their mental development. Forces over which I have no control will leave their impress. Natural bents will assert themselves. But no one will deny that because I am to be the children's closest associate during their first six years, I can have more to do with the shaping of their minds than any other person ever can. There is something steadying and inspiring in the thought.

Outside the arts, I think there is no occupation to be compared with baby-tending as creative activity. If any one is disposed to smile and inquire what creative energy is required for the five

hundredth recitation of Peter Rabbit, I can retort by asking what the finger exercises Beethoven must have run thousands on thousands of times have to do with the Fifth Symphony. The details which make up creation are never very inspiring. It is the sense of the whole which keeps one going.

A third value is the sense of being linked to the future. As I work with the babies, I find myself thinking again and again, "I am getting them ready for 1940 and '50 and '60." I have always expected to live through those decades myself, but heretofore I have made only vague attempts to foretaste the future. Now I must think of the future as clearly as it is in me to think.

Which brings me to another value, self-discipline. Parents usually talk about discipline as something the child gets. Nonsense. The child gets enough of it, no doubt, but the baby-tender's biggest disciplinary undertaking is always with herself. Little human beings are like big ones in their contrariness. To get them to do as we want, we must be unfailingly diplomatic for about 12 hours out of the day. Now, diplomacy has not been a quality very carefully cultivated in the women of my generation. We are more accustomed to charging full-tilt, trusting to our wit or charm or impudence or what not to win our purpose. That way works pretty well with American men, but not with babies.

Of course some people deny that this is a good thing for us. "How can we express ourselves," they ask fiercely, "if we must be always inhibiting ourselves? Are you arguing for the old-fashioned mother who made herself a doormat?" Of course not. That kind of baby-tender never won her children's respect.

I mean the deliberate self-discipline that allows us to use our intelligence instead of being fuddled by every stray impulse, the kind that keeps our wits free for the work they ought to be doing and thus gives us some slight chance of getting what we want. Unless we have a definitely formulated program in view, self-discipline may be mere self-immolation. But if we think of life as something over which we have a degree of control, of our own personality as something we may build according to a pattern of something like our own choosing, that is, if life has some of the qualities of an art, then the tendency of some moderns to rule out self-discipline is utterly silly.

The last value which I shall mention is the hardest of all to get into words, because it is the most intangible. It is the sense of maturity which comes with know-

ing that one belongs to the great biologic stream of adults fostering the young.

Young women today are thorough-going individualists. They have been schooled to apply their energy to the carrying out of their own projects. Undoubtedly a personality is the precious high spot of evolution. But individualism is loneliness, and the keenest individualist has moments of wanting to be resolved back into the race.

We never think of ourselves as belonging to the race until our first love affair overwhelms us. Before that we simply lack a concept of humanity. It is doubtful if we should ever have it without that primal experience.

The job of baby-tending carries with it an emotional uprush quite as tremendous as first love. That in itself is a valuable experience, as writers have always been pointing out. What has not so often been said is that baby-tending, like first love, resolves one into the race, gives at least temporary relief from the importunities of self. The modern woman is an individualist. All the more valuable then is the experience of belonging for a time to something vastly larger and more important than ourselves.

I am aware that what I have called values may not seem valuable to every one. But they are what is to be had from the occupation which provides more monotony and more change, more boredom and more thrills, more ecstasies and more anxieties than any other. If they are not such values which a woman covets for herself, she should think long before she lets herself in for baby-tending.

Locusts from the City

(Continued from page 391)

go down to the pond and I found him vibrating with rage. What had been a sylvan nook now resembled a cross between a rubbish heap and a lavatory.

"And look!" the owner sputtered, pointing. "My fish!"

The squadron of long-tailed beauties had vanished — one floated, belly upward, near the spillway. In the trampled rhododendrons lay a discarded fish net made out of a barrel hoop and mosquito netting.

A friend of mine who owns many acres once had an idea. "The remedy," he told me, "is skunks." Under the spell of his eloquence I visualized a regiment of skunks efficiently patrolling the roadside. It was a glorious vision, but like many another dream of genius, it collapsed.

"Skunks won't do," he announced later. The little animals, he explained, had perversely sought the deeper woods. With an unexpected sensitiveness and discrimination, they had refused to associate with picnickers from the city.

Pull Down the Poorhouse

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (June 28, '30)

William G. Shepherd

WE USED to think of old age pensions as socialism. But now old age pensions are coming on this country, state by state, just about as rapidly as the good roads came after we really got started on them.

Who first seized this old age pension plan from the socialists? It's a story that people of other countries couldn't understand because they don't do things our way in any other place on the globe.

Our land, as we all know, abounds in civic organizations. Most of us belong to something: Rotary, Lions, Kiwanis, Parent-Teachers, church clubs, political clubs, community clubs. Plenty of our organizations get well organized and then are forced to look around for something helpful to do. "Service" they call it. Our intelligentsia often laugh at this "service." But our organizations get things done.

The American Legion, for instance, has adopted a plan of child welfare. "Down with the orphan asylums; keep homes together by pensioning widowed mothers" was, in effect, their slogan. The fraternity of Elks took up the welfare of crippled children. And the fraternity known as the Eagles decided to make a fight to establish old age pensions in every state in the Union.

And that's how it comes that 11 pens, with which old age pension laws have been created, now rest in the office of Frank E. Hering, editor of the national journal of the Eagles at South Bend, Indiana. One of these pens was used by the governor of Alaska, where citizens decided that no old-timer, man or woman, who had helped to settle that once-difficult country should, on account of old age, suffer for lack of food, clothing, shelter and reasonable comfort.

If you live in Alaska or any one of the following 11 states the chances are you may under certain circumstances receive a pension, if necessary, after reaching a suitable age: California, which adopted the law in 1929; Colorado, 1927; Kentucky, 1926; Maryland, 1927; Minnesota, 1929; Montana, 1923; Nevada, 1925; New York, 1930; Utah, 1929; Wisconsin, 1925; Wyoming, 1929. The pension age is 65 years in Nevada, Maryland, Utah and

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Wyoming. In Alaska it is 65 for males and 60 for females. In other states it is 70.

In their fight for old age pensions the Eagles have enlisted the help of other lodges. They have laid special assessments on themselves. They have made speeches in churches and before clubs. They made a moving picture entitled Over the Hill to the Poorhouse which was shown in over 12,000 cities and towns.

"Why shouldn't the United States have old age pensions if all these other countries have them?" they asked. It *does* seem strange when you read the list: Argentina, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Canada, Chile, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Great Britain, Greece, Greenland, Iceland, Irish Free State, Italy, Jugoslavia, Luxemburg, Netherlands, Newfoundland, New Zealand, Norway, Portugal, Roumania, Spain, Sweden, South Africa and Uruguay.

I asked Governor Roosevelt whether there was any great need in the state of New York for the old age pension.

"It looks to me," said the governor, "as if almost every step in our industrial progress makes things harder, financially, for those over 65 or 70 years."

"Why shouldn't people *save* for old age?"

"Doesn't it occur to you that saving for old age may, many times, look like utter selfishness on the part of parents? It's easier to spend it for better health and higher education and other advantages for your children."

"It's ridiculous not to have old age pensions in the United States," a fact-equipped Eagle said to me. "Look at Canada. Their report for 1928 showed that 450 people, American born, who moved over into Canada, are receiving old age pensions there. We've found out that there's an old Japanese man in British Columbia who gets the pension. We've traced down three Syrians and one Turk, a couple of Algerians, a Greek, a Chilean, a Latvian, whatever that is, and 285 Russians who are living on the Canadian pension. You know how the Canadians hated the Germans during the war? Well, there are 173 Germans on Canadian old age pensions today; and 837 Austrians. Altogether there are about 35,000 old folks on the Canadian old age pension rolls.

"They figure in Canada that a fellow who works for 15 or 20 years and becomes a citizen has really helped to build up the country. That goes for women, too. It isn't civilized to let them suffer just because they can't work any more."

It costs many millions to run our poorhouses, cruelly and inadequately, they say. It was an

incident that happened under his own view, in a poorhouse, that caused Magistrate Fred Hughes, of New York City, to become the Eagles' leader in the five-year-long fight for old age pensions in New York.

"I was at a poorhouse one day when an old couple came in, as fine old people as you ever saw. They were asked a lot of questions, and then a clerk said to the old man,

"'You come with me, please. We'll go over to the men's side.'

"'And you'll go over to the women's side,' they said to the little old woman.

"It was all done kindlily. But the kindest words would have been cruel. That old couple hadn't been apart one night in over 50 years, but now they had lost their right to be with each other.

"I looked up their case. He was a farmer and they had raised three sons and sent them out into the world. But two sons died. And then the youngest son came home, sick, with tuberculosis. Dad and Mother helped him just as they had when he was a boy. The savings went for the sick son. Before the young man died even the furniture in the house was under a chattel mortgage. After the funeral — well, there wasn't anything for the two old folks to do but to go to the poorhouse.

"You never saw anyone as bewildered as those two old folks were. They just used to sit side by side, all day, hardly ever speaking. They seemed to be wondering, wondering — and thinking.

"It killed them. One night the brave old fellow, sitting in his chair, just dropped his chin on his chest and died right there. They took the news over to Mother.

"'Yes,' she said quietly, 'I sensed he couldn't endure it. I been waiting for him to go.'

"Her four men that she had taken care of for so long were finally tucked away, at last, for the long, long sleep. She died right there in her chair, that morning."

One dollar a day is the average pension provided in these new state laws. With this they can board with relatives or friends. "It's funny how far old folks can make a dollar stretch," the Eagles tell you. "They don't need very much — just food and warmth and freedom in a room of their own."

St. Stephen's Is a Little Church

Condensed from The World Tomorrow (August, '30)

Irwin St. John Tucker
Clergyman, social worker, journalist

IT is a wooden structure hardly more than a shack, and it stands in an obscure and far-out-of-the-way nook of roaring Chicago. But to this little wooden shack, for many years abandoned out on the prairies which surrounded it, artists and poets and musicians make pilgrimages at least once a year. Along its walls hangs a growing collection of gifts — poems, etchings, paintings, woodcuts, watercolors, wood carvings, casts of statuary — presented by the creators themselves. And the grounds around it, once a dumpheap full of old boots, rusted tin cans, cluttered newspapers, and fluttering rags, have become a garden — the Garden of Memory. In it every tree and every flower stands as the remembrance of some beloved life or some consecrated event. It is the Little Church at the End of the Road — St. Stephen's, Avondale.

All these things began with the death of Keith Preston, beloved conductor of the Hit or Miss column in the Chicago *Daily News*. Some six years ago, four of us — Preston, J. U. Nicolson, Charles G. Blanden and I met at dinner and decided it would be a brilliant idea to hold an annual dinner of column contributors so that we might look upon one another in the flesh. A year later the first such event was held. Similar events followed annually. Other column bands held like festivities, and the custom grew.

Among the contributors there happened to be members of this little forsaken church, who had clung loyally to it year after discouraging year. They invited me to come over and visit them. When I first saw the dilapidated structure, my heart went out to it as the heart of Francis did to Portiuncula. I have been there ever since.

Shortly after my first visit, Keith Preston suddenly died. On the first anniversary of his death, we decided to hold a memorial service, and invited his former contributors to attend. They came in large numbers bringing as offerings the gift of their best poetry. Preston's dearest claim to fame was the encouragement he gave young bards. Counsel and advice were offered and taken in friendly, humorous fashion. So we started a Keith Preston memorial library of first editions of poetry.

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In the crowded little structure that night a purpose was born. Warm approval met the proposal for an annual memorial for poets. There were artists in the gathering who said, "Why not remember us also, and ours?" There are great names in Chicago in the world of sculpture and painting.

On a May evening of the following spring, when the air was warm and alive with the stir of growing things, we held a memorial to the artists we had known. A clump of basswood trees was dedicated to them. And the Palette and Chisel club named a committee of its members to obtain paintings, etchings and bits of sculpture to treasure in our Gathering of Gifts. In June, on the Sunday nearest St. John's Day, we held the second Poet's Memorial. Meanwhile we had planted trees, roses, tulips, and many other growing things in the Garden of Memory. We dedicated four Poet trees — a mulberry tree to Keith Preston and an apple tree each to Joyce Kilmer, Marguerite Wilkinson, and Grace Healy Woodruff, who died on her honeymoon in Paris. To this dedication poets brought poems, and artists brought paintings, and they were all laid upon the altar as gifts to the creative spirit, from which all things of beauty come.

Large trees already growing about the church we dedicated to great names: two poplar trees out in front to Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley; two poplar trees on the side to Longfellow and Whitman; a mountain ash standing close by the church steps to Joachin Miller, the poet of the Sierras.

What is new about all this? What is the idea developing into? This: it is our testimony to the continuity of inspiration. To say that God ceased speaking when the Bible was completed is to say that God is dead. There is but one source of inspiration. Whatever is true comes from that source. A poet who sings truly today is inspired by the same breath that inspired David, Isaiah, Paul, and John. There can be no religion without song. To the melody of songs the Israelites moved across the desert and into their inheritance. To the exultant strains of David's hymns they smote down the Philistines and established a kingdom. The early church sang its way across the Graeco-Roman empire. St. Francis named his followers "joculatores Domini"— minstrels of the Lord. Luther's songs had much to do with the spread of the Reformation. Neither can there be religion without art. Profound conviction expresses itself bodily and tangibly, to sight as well as to sound.

But if these things are true, quite as true and even deeper is

the fact that there can be no true art without religion. To be intelligible, art must be the expression of a profound conviction, shared by many. Any such conviction, deeply held by a number of people, is religious.

So with the artists present, we hang upon the walls of St. Stephen's paintings of sunsets, of trees, of lakes, of flowers. They offer etchings of bees, dragon flies and butterflies. Only once in a while is a more or less Scriptural subject offered. Sometimes it is a bas-relief of girls bathing. Our faith is that anything God made has a right to representation within the church.

What about poetry? Must it be religious? Yes — in the sense that it must be sincere. Love poems are there because marriage is sacred and therefore Love is sacred.

Suppose every church should regard it, as we do, a matter of pride and loyalty to accumulate paintings, etchings, woodcuts, of local themes by local artists — trees, hills, streams, fields, flowers of the immediate vicinity. Suppose each such church said of these, "God made the world beautiful: we honor Him thus through His works. He maketh the outgoing of the morning and the evening to praise Him; therefore a picture of sunrise or sunset is an act of devotion." Would this not sponsor a rebirth of civic self-respect? Would it not force upon all its members the conviction that beauty is one of the aspects of the Eternal, equal with Truth and Goodness?

"The pictures would be in many cases bad," you say. They could not possibly be worse than the stereotyped ecclesiastical ornaments now in vogue. Why hang colored prints of scenes in Palestine before the children, as though beauty and truth were limited to the land of the Hebrews? Why continue to perpetuate stained-glass windows full of meaningless jumbles of medieval symbols whose significance has been forgotten? "We could not get good poetry," some might say. Poems offered for hanging on the walls could not possibly be worse than the average sermon delivered from the pulpit.

St. Stephen's is a little place. We do not want it to get much bigger. The day of the greatness of big things has passed. The day of the greatness of little things is beginning to dawn; the day of small colleges and of little churches, near and very dear, which stand to offer refreshment of spirit in the repose within their Gardens of Memory, at the end of the road.

Flight from High Wages

Condensed from The Outlook and Independent (July 30, '30)

Allen Raymond

THE doctrine that high wages and low production costs are the two basic factors in American prosperity has been preached so vociferously for the last decade that it has come to be considered almost axiomatic by millions of persons. But the truth about the high wage theory is that business managements have never accepted it as something to be supported vigorously by themselves. It is merely a vague theory that implies a sense of economic responsibility on the part of some other fellow.

Each individual management knows that low production costs are a factor in obtaining profits. Wherever possible, each individual management slashes production costs. Labor being inevitably a cost factor, management normally lops off the cost of it wherever possible. Therefore American industry is engaged today in a march of startling swiftness from the relatively high wage areas of the northern states to the low wage region of Dixie.

Go up into New England and see what is happening. The population of cities like New Bedford, Fall River, Lawrence and Lowell, either is dwindling or is practically static. Business fights there with its back to the wall. Organized labor has taken wage cuts.

Go down into the Southeast, however, and you find a far different situation. The population of towns like Spartanburg, Durham, Kingsport, Anniston and Gadsden is soaring skyward, as the "poor white" paupers from the South's ruined agriculture troop into new mill villages.

New factories are springing up like mushrooms. Cross-road trading towns are becoming cities. The South seems truly today's land of golden opportunity for men seeking riches. But what is the net effect of all this on the country at large?

A lower national wage scale, apparently.

Some years ago the country barred its doors to foreign workers, heading this way to undersell American labor. There remained within the nation itself one great population with living standards lower than those of European peasants. They were the southern farmers, both black and white.

For the most part illiterate

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until very recently, they had been doomed by the peculiarly unprofitable form of agriculture, which was all they knew, to toil year in and year out for a cash return which reliable economists have figured at 32 cents a day per worker. Whole families have been accustomed to toil in the cotton fields.

How many are there of these workers? About 6,000,000 potentially employable by industry in the southern states east of the Mississippi. Mechanical industry in this country only employs about 8,500,000 persons in all.

Here in the South, then, when the immigration doors banged shut, was the vast reservoir of cheap labor sought by American industrialists, waiting for American industry to use if it wanted, when organized labor in the northern states became too expensive. American mechanical industry is rushing southward to take advantage of that pauper labor today at a pace comparable to the old pioneer gold rushes of the great West.

"Come and get our cheap labor," is the sales cry of the southern power companies. The writer has before him a sales talk issued for factory managements by the Georgia Power Company. It is typical of others. After explaining that, because of the climate, it should always be possible for workers in the South to live more cheaply than in the North, it observes:

"The labor laws of the state of Georgia are very liberal. They consist of 60 hours a week, and no regulation as to the number of hours per day." It remarks that southern labor "is not dominated by trade unions, and is easy to control."

In a table showing average wages in various kinds of industry, it sets down the average wage in all industries as $702 a year in Georgia, $1222 in Massachusetts, $1382 in Pennsylvania, and $1448 in Ohio.

Now if American industrial management actually were solicitous about maintaining a high wage scale, with consequent high buying power on the part of the public, would the Georgia Power Company be holding out the bait of a low wage scale to lure industry southward? It would not. Nor would northern manufacturers be flocking so quickly into the South if they were convinced of the high wage theory.

For the last five years, new factories have been moving into North Carolina at the rate of one every four days. Textile factories were the first to move south. Dixie now surpasses New England in the volume and value of its cotton manufacture. Yet cotton manufacture in 1927 represented less than ten percent of the aggregate value of the South's

manufacturing output. In the rush by northern manufacturers to pay low wages the South is obtaining an all-round diversity of industry.

Northern industry is moving south. Business being what it normally has been — competitive warfare for profits, carried on by individual enterprises concerned primarily with the state of their individual balance sheets rather than some vague economic good to the country at large — of course American industry is moving south.

How long may this migration toward cheaper labor be expected to continue? Until something is done to lift the levels of southern agriculture. There is a sufficient reservoir of poor white labor on southern farms to take over the bulk of the nation's industry.

In 1920, the farms in the South which were operated by tenants — not owners — numbered 1,591,059. There are many more today. The rest of the country knows little of what farm tenantry in the cotton belt actually means, but such students of it as Professors Branson and Hobbs of the University of North Carolina have labeled it truthfully "worse than slavery." A study of cotton farm incomes in Chatham County, North Carolina, made in 1921, showed that for white farm owners they amounted to 34 cents a day per person, with every person in the family working. The cash income for white renters was 14 cents per day per person; for white "croppers" 8 cents per day per person. A "cropper" is a tenant farmer who tills land on shares with his landlord.

From this "renter and cropper" class of poor black and white farmers, then, industry is beginning to draw its workers. Whole families, used to working in the fields, accustom themselves with reasonable speed to working in the mills. Low as southern wages are, they are riches to people like these.

This article is in no sense an attack on American industrialists as heartless exploiters of cheap southern labor. The writer has been through numerous new mill villages in the South, and has found them apparently better places in which to live than are many of the slums that house northern workmen.

This article does seek to call attention to the fact that because there exists this vast reservoir of pauper labor in the South, industry is at present marching southward to take advantage of it. The flight from high wages is under way, regardless of theories about the necessity for maintaining American buying power. Unemployment and lower wage scales in the North are its inevitable accompaniment.

Traveling Jim Crow

Condensed from The American Mercury (August, '30)

George S. Schuyler

One of the leading Negro journalists in the United States

IT is a trying state to be simultaneously a Negro and a traveler. Indeed, the troubles of Job seem trivial in comparison. No matter in what part of the country he may reside the Aframerican knows very well that the hotel and resort advertisements he reads in the newspapers and magazines are not for such as he. When he assumes that 99 out of every 100 hotels are closed to folk of his ancestry he is not far wrong. Where he is given accommodation it is often done so grudgingly and with such obvious ill-will that it is exceedingly difficult for him to enjoy his stay.

It is all very well to say that the Negro traveler should go to one of "his own places," but Aframerican hostelries are not always at hand and when available they are frequently tenth-rate, owing to the small number of well-to-do Negro travelers upon whom they can regularly depend. In spite of the general belief that colored folk are all alike, the fact remains that there are all classes of people in Negro America, from tramps to millionaires, and a hotel quite satisfactory to stevedores would hardly be to the taste of a school teacher, a physician or an artist.

Hence, most Negro travelers of culture and prominence try to get a place to sleep with people they know, and if they are acquainted with no one in a town, they must perforce stop at any so-called hotel to which an obliging chauffeur takes them. Many times I have been taken to the worst imaginable places by taxicab chauffeurs whom it was necessary to trust. Once I was awakened by loud curses and crashes, to find that the chauffeur had carried me to a bawdy-house that was being raided by the police.

However, the Negro traveler's troubles do not begin when he seeks lodging for the night; they begin when he purchases a railroad ticket. If he happens to be somewhere outside the South he can get Pullman accommodation without difficulty. In sleeping-cars he will be assigned to end berths, but this he does not mind. The real fun starts in the South.

Negro convicts accompanied by officers and Negro domestics accompanying their employers are tolerated in Pullman berths, but black ministers, editors and

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bankers have to wade through miles of red tape to get them. I know a colored woman who frequently goes from New York to New Orleans and always puts on an apron when she gets below the Rope and Faggot line. It is a badge of servility which acts as a protection, since it definitely places her in the servant class. Of course the most rabid Negrophobe has no objection to riding in a Pullman car or diner with a Negro if that Negro is in a menial capacity. That such a seemingly absurd precaution is frequently wise was well demonstrated three or four years ago when a Negro woman was dragged out of a Pullman car in Northern Florida by officers of the law and fined $500 for the crime of riding through that Commonwealth in comfort.

In traveling through the South I have frequently been inconvenienced because of inability to obtain Pullman accommodations. It was not the discomfort that I minded (I've hiked and hoboed too much for that) but the missing of appointments. Some trains, usually the best ones to get you to your destination in time to transact your business, are all-Pullman. On many occasions I have had to spend needless and aggravating hours in a jim crow coach when I should have been at my destination hours before.

Sometimes conductors have a devil of a time trying to determine to what race a passenger belongs. There are so many "Negroes" as white as Dan Moody or Greta Garbo and so many "Caucasians" of allegedly Indian or Spanish ancestry who can easily pass for Negroes, that anthropologists might be puzzled. Is a conductor to take a chance on offering grievous insult to a suspiciously dark passenger in the white coach? Shall he assume that a certain white person reclining in the jim crow coach is really Caucasian, there through some horrible mistake, and invite him into the white coach? Here are questions that might stagger even civilized minds.

Of course a foreign Negro can often get all kinds of service refused to a black citizen and taxpayer. Due to this peculiar Caucasian reasoning, Negroes who can speak a foreign language suddenly become Haitians, Brazilians, Egyptians, Moors or Colombians for travel purposes. I know a mulatto girl who would starve to death in France if she had to order her own meals, yet she successfully passed as a citizen of the Third Republic from Chicago to New Orleans and was treated accordingly. She declared that Paris was her home but she neglected to say that it was Paris, Texas.

What is particularly annoying to the Negro traveler is the lack

of uniformity in jim crow customs. For instance, when he descends from a train at a station in the South, he has no way of knowing whether the "white" taxicabs will accept him as a fare or not. If there are no Negro cabs about, he has to take a chance on being refused and perhaps insulted.

The following experience of a white Negress is evidence that it pays to be informed on the vagaries of jim crow. Not knowing the custom in Birmingham, she hailed a white chauffeur when she got off the train, since she saw no black ones about. The fellow came with a smile. When the taxicab arrived at the address she had given, a very black woman, a relative, rushed out and embraced the passenger. The chauffeur, who had been paid his fare and given a substantial tip, threw the money into the woman's face, cursed her fearfully and warned her never to get in a white taxicab again.

The Negro who would travel by bus is no better off than his brother who journeys by train. Even in the North *de luxe* buses will often tell him that there is no more room. Aframericans are always seated on the rear seat in buses, where they get all the bounces, but in the first coach on trains, where they get all of the smoke and cinders.

Hence, all Negroes who can do so purchase an automobile as soon as possible in order to be free of discrimination and insult. Of course, the ownership of an automobile does not solve everything. When it comes to a tourist camp he is usually out of luck. Up till very recent times, also, it was unhealthy for a Negro motorist to whizz past a white automobilist in certain parts of Mississippi. And in most sections of Dixie, up to a short time ago, a Negro with a well-kept automobile was suspected of stealing it. I know a prominent Negro politician in Georgia who was forced to stop his limousine in a backwoods village and be questioned by some ignoramus as to its ownership. He managed to get away all right by saying that the car belonged to "Mister —— of Atlanta" (giving his own name). The use of the term mister convinced his interrogator that the automobile must belong to a white man.

Few Negroes, as yet, have taken to travel by airplane. There have been more black aviators than passengers. But when the time of air travel arrives, it is not unlikely that Mr. James Crow will be equal to the occasion, and where Negro passengers are not completely barred we can confidently expect to find them herded into whatever happens to be the dirtiest and most uncomfortable parts of an airplane or dirigible.

What We Can Learn from France

Condensed from The Magazine of Today (London) (July, '30)

Sisley Huddleston

English author and journalist; for many years Paris correspondent of The London Times

OBVIOUSLY we can learn much from France. Here is a nation which lost, in killed and hopelessly wounded, two million men in the greatest war in history; whose industrial regions, mostly in the north, were ravaged; whose coal mines were put out of working condition; which neglected, perforce, its navy, and saw its merchant marine reduced to the lowest proportions; which was crushed under a terrific burden of debts, and was actually obliged to go bankrupt for four-fifths of its currency and bonds. And now, beyond a doubt, this country is the strongest in every respect of all the Continental countries.

What is the secret? The explanation is, I think, largely to be found in the character of the people. The extraordinary revival of France is due to its adaptability to circumstances. Nobody is so resilient as your Frenchman. If you knock him down, he bounces up again. By a curious instinct he invariably does the right thing, though generally he is talking the wrong thing.

Most countries are content to run in the old grooves. The universe revolves around them; nothing is still. But they pursue the old methods which were once successful, and are now no longer successful. They cannot understand why they should fail, when they are doing everything at least as well as formerly, and have indeed improved upon their former methods though keeping them essentially the same.

The War brought a revolution of which many people are as yet hardly aware. Yet the old firm carries on in the old way, and is pained and puzzled that it is not doing as well as before. Now the French, traditionalist as they are, quietly changed as circumstances changed; and the proof of it is that there is no unemployment in France — almost literally none — and that France is enjoying a period of prosperity which, though on a different scale, is equal to the prosperity of the United States.

When the industrial regions in the north were destroyed the French might have sat down and bewailed their lot; they might have protested that industries had always been in the north, and as they were no longer there, France must say good-bye to its

industries. Instead they transferred their industries to other regions; spontaneously, naturally, without particular plan, they undertook the decentralization of industries. They scattered their factories all over France. But was the north abandoned? Not at all. It was immediately rebuilt with money advanced by the State. It was not, however, rebuilt on the old lines. Factories had been inadequate — they were now brought up to date. Machinery had been obsolete — it was now replaced by modern machinery. The north flourished more than ever.

Again, it is to be remarked that the French practice had always been to keep business in the family. The average Frenchman at the head of a small but remunerative concern did not want to expand. His sons and his daughters helped him and he knew all his employes; and he did not see why he should let his business develop to a point where it would get out of hand. Personal management was his ideal.

Nothing is more surprising than the post-War transformation. The French saw that their conception, though comfortable, did not meet the new requirements. So they simply scrapped their old conceptions, and they now manufacture on the modern scale. They took lessons from such men as Henry Ford. They became scientific. They adopted a judicious blend of coöperation and competition. They sloughed their conservatism because the times called for reform. It is true that there is strong opposition to the process of rationalization. But the fact is that it is being accepted — gradually and almost unconsciously.

The family notion of manufacture and commerce is disappearing. Nowhere is this metamorphosis to be observed more strikingly than in metallurgy. There have been combinations which multiply resources and vastly increase the potentialities of output. The large industries seek to possess the sources of their raw material, their factories, and even the industrialist who purchases the machinery is — to put the matter roundly — one and the same person. France is so highly industrialized that there are amalgamations and interlockings and consolidations on what the economists call horizontal and vertical lines. France's reconstruction has developed regionally, nationally, and finally internationally.

Insularity was made a reproach against the French. But economically they now look beyond frontiers. Not only did the metallurgical industry become unified, but it entered into a partnership with German metallurgy. This partnership was logical; it could

scarcely be avoided by reasonable men, for the coal and coke and the iron and steel of the two countries are complementary. The economic consequence of the Franco-German combination is one of the most formidable forces in the economic domain on the Continent.

This economic union might be supposed to be distasteful to the French nationalist. It is precisely the French nationalist who in this sphere has shown himself to be the greatest internationalist. Nor does the process stop there. French firms have bought up collieries and blast furnaces in Austria, in Upper Silesia, in Poland, in Czechoslovakia, in Rumania and Yugoslavia, and in other countries. In potash, in engineering, in dye-stuffs, and in chemicals generally, France has seized its opportunity with an adaptability that should give us, to use a French expression, furiously to think. At the same time France has developed its hydroelectric resources, has improved its highways, its ports, its canals, its whole industrial equipment. It has vastly increased its mercantile marine; it has spared no efforts in aviation; it has the second largest reserve of gold; it has put its finances on a sound footing, and while other countries are increasing taxation, France is decreasing taxation.

All these things, taken together, reveal the spirit of enterprise that was generally supposed to be absent from the French nation. My American and English friends point out that France has not been regarded as an industrial country; that Great Britain, Germany, and the United States are regarded as industrial countries, and yet they suffer the depressing curse of unemployment on a large scale, whereas France has not only no unemployment, but is obliged to call into the country Poles and Italians and Spaniards and Czechoslovakians to help in its production. They point out that France was industrially timid, and believed in small, family concerns, and practised thrift, and was afraid of risking its money in commerce, and was not adventurous in the pursuit of world markets. All of which may have been true, but what they fail to realize is that it is no longer true. France is remarkably adaptable, and when outworn methods are suddenly seen to be useless, France, disregarding its natural conservatism, boldly throws overboard old ideas, and takes on board a cargo of new ideas.

The Plagiarism Plague

Condensed from Vanity Fair (July, '30)

Arthur Garfield Hays

Lawyer noted for his service in many cases involving civil liberties

IT HAS been said that the one who first uses material is the originator, the second is a plagiarist, the third takes from the common stock, and the fourth does research work.

There are few, if any, dramatic ideas that are new, yet the combination, permutation and expression of ideas lead to a new crop of drama each year. Literary work may be copyrighted. Ideas may not. The protection is to the expression, not to the thought.

To avoid a charge of plagiarism, many an author or manager refuses to look at a manuscript from an unknown person. Many authors carefully date each draft of a manuscript. Many refuse to listen to stories or plots.

So rarely is there a successful play that is not followed by attack, that the situation has become a literary scandal. Whether claims are good, bad or indifferent, defense is always expensive. Final success to the defending author is usually a Pyhrric victory. The plaintiff may retain lawyers on a contingent fee basis, — and usually does — but the defendant must pay in cash. The defending author is protecting not only his play but his reputation. Overwhelmed by a charge of theft, the author may eventually be successful, but during a two or three year litigation, he has the haunting fear, destructive to morale and creative effort, that some judge or jury may put faith in a fanciful claim and mulct him in damages for royalties which have already been spent. Pending the litigation, which usually occurs while the play has the greatest value for motion pictures, the opportunity to sell is lost, as few motion picture companies are interested in buying a lawsuit.

For years I read in the papers of a famous playwright who was said to have reaped several hundred thousand dollars from one play. Naturally, I had rather assumed his life was happy. True, he had been sued for plagiarism, but he eventually won his case. One day I met the man. He was broke, miserable and disheartened. Suit had been brought against him by a woman on what had seemed a very tenuous claim, for the author had prepared an outline of his work before the date when the plaintiff, even upon her own contention, had written a line of her play. Claim

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was made in a State Court on the common law right of property in an unpublished manuscript. Thus trial by jury. Twelve jurymen may be good and true, but they rarely qualify as literary experts. The author was found guilty of plagiarism. A referee was appointed to assess damages. The amount ran to such staggering figures — hundreds of thousands — that the author, pending appeal, was unable to provide a bond and therefore was subject to execution on whatever property he might have. After years, the judgment was reversed by the Court of Appeals, but the author's life was ruined. Yes, I am speaking of Richard Walton Tully, who wrote *The Bird of Paradise*. On a later occasion the same plaintiff charged that the play *An American Tragedy* was taken from her work. Incidentally, no play written by her has ever been produced.

Channing Pollock wrote *The Fool*. Its brilliant opening was shadowed by the sinister charge of theft. The claimant was once a stage hand working for Harris. The plaintiff's claim was so frivolous that after trial he was assessed $5000 as costs — practically a penalty for his impudence. The plaintiff avoided this expense by filing a petition in bankruptcy and paid nothing. His lawyers were persistent, the case even finding its way to the Supreme Court of the United States. Pollock suffered worry, irritation, loss of time, large counsel fees, and when he was through, found himself just where he started, except that he was an older, poorer, wiser and more belligerent man. When his lawyer remarked that a defendant couldn't win, Pollock used the phrase, "that's what I found out."

The authors of *The Spider*, a successful mystery play a few years ago, were flattered by five lawsuits. In each case, the plaintiff intimated a desire for settlement almost from the beginning. A curt refusal resulted in the withdrawal of one claim. Two others were dropped at the time of trial; two proceeded. Fortunately, in defense, one of the authors, Fulton Oursler, was able to show that he had written a story in 1921 which practically contained all the incidents of the later play and had even used identical names for the characters. In the meantime, motion picture rights could not be sold.

A friend of mine was one day browsing in the Library of Congress. A neighbor was carefully reading copyrighted plays. My friend asked him for whom he was reading. The industrious reader replied that he was busy digging up plots for a lawyer, to whom he sent references to plays that were like those in successful production. The lawyer would then

drop a suggestive line to the amateur and aspiring author of the copyrighted play, with the usual result.

Probably the amount of plagiarism that goes on is largely exaggerated. An author of ability would probably find it more difficult to copy parts and make them fit into a manuscript than to do the work himself in the natural continuity of his story.

Fundamentally, however, the complaint is not with copying, but with the fact that ideas are taken. But it is not strange that the same ideas suggest themselves to people at somewhat the same time. Every season produces a number of somewhat similar plays. There may be a run of Negro stories, or of detective stories. People may be talking about them. It is natural that more than one person hits on the same idea at the same time. The inventors of the telegraph filed patents within a few hours of each other, although up to that time that means of communication was unknown.

The law intended as a shield to protect, is often used as a sword to ruin. But if the law provides redress, the courts must be open to litigants who haven't money to spend. Those ordinarily suing for plagiarism are not malefactors of great wealth. How then can one protect the author?

The Dramatists' Guild appointed a committee to consider the subject. After considering many plans, an amendment to the Copyright Law was suggested, pursuant to which a defendant in a copyright case might ask for a preliminary hearing, immediately on the service of papers. If the court determined that the plaintiff did not have a *prima facie* case; in other words, if it was apparent on the submission of the two manuscripts that there was no real evidence of plagiarism, then, as a condition for permitting the plaintiff to proceed, the court might compel him to provide a bond sufficient to secure the defendant for counsel fees and damages. This would end practically all fanciful suits. On the other hand, if the court felt that the comparison of manuscripts made out a *prima facie* case for the plaintiff, he would be allowed to proceed without a bond. This would not end the evil but it would mitigate the present injustice.

Here are a few suggestions for authors which may help them to avoid a suit for plagiarism.

1. Never read a manuscript. Never even open an innocent looking envelope, for a manuscript may be contained therein.

2. Never write anything original. If plays are based upon old material, the source can always be traced.

3. Most effective of all, never write a successful play.

Throne Room Glories

Condensed from Tatler and American Sketch (April, '30)

Horace Wyndham

DÉBUTANTES — and others — who aspire to be "presented at Court" must take the preliminary steps a long time in advance. Although the actual Courts are not held until May and June — two in each month — the lists of guests are completed much earlier; and once they are filled it is almost impossible to be placed on them until the following year. Nobody, whatever her rank or position, has a right to attend a "Court." It is a privilege, and the invitation comes from their Majesties.

A débutante can be "presented" only by a married woman who has herself already received this social recognition. The sponsor writes to the Lord Chamberlain as soon after January 1 as possible. In doing so she requests permission to attend a Court herself and to present the girl whose name she gives and for whose eligibility she is prepared to vouch from her personal knowledge. Only one presentation can be made at a time, and it is not etiquette for a chaperon to submit such a request more than once in three years.

If all goes well, in due time there arrives an official envelope with the coveted summons cards. These state that "The Lord Chamberlain is commanded by their Majesties to summon —— to the Court to be held on ——" Receipt of the summons must be acknowledged promptly. If, owing to any unforeseen occurrence it is impossible to attend, a full explanation is required. If none is submitted, the offender is automatically struck off the list of eligibles.

Peeresses and the wives and daughters of high functionaries in the naval, military, civil and diplomatic services naturally have more chance than others of being bidden to a Court. The King and Queen also make specially welcome distinguished women visitors from the Overseas Dominions, as well as visitors from America and other countries who are desirous of being presented. The list of applicants is subjected to a severe scrutiny and anyone whose conduct has ever been called in question stands no chance of setting foot within the Palace.

After the arrival of the summons cards there is the important matter of getting the dress. This is subjected to very strict rules

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as to cut, pattern, material and length of train. The approved designs are displayed beforehand at the Lord Chamberlain's office. Still a good deal is wisely left to the wearer's individual taste. Thus, dead white is no longer insisted upon for color and soft silks and satins are permitted. Veils and feathers, however, are still "regulation." The veil must be of white tulle, with three ostrich feathers above it. The other accessories are a jeweled band, or wreath of flowers and a bouquet or fan.

The hour for Court is 10 P.M. However, the company must assemble at the Palace much earlier. The approaches are packed with a solid mass of cars from seven o'clock onwards. During the period of waiting in the Mall the general public swarms round the cars, stares unabashed into the windows and subjects their occupants to frank criticism. Fond parents hold up small children and bid them "Look at the pretty lady!" and ribald youths ask dignified chauffeurs if they are "hired by the month."

The entrance to the Palace is by the front quadrangle. Here the general company is received by liveried servants, who direct the members to rooms where wraps are deposited. They then pass up the Grand Staircase, flanked by stalwart Gentlemen-at-Arms and picturesquely clad Yeomen of the Guard. Progress is slow, for there is bound to be a dense throng. The top is eventually reached, and the first-comers find themselves in a series of drawing-rooms where they sit on gilded chairs and pass the time chattering and comparing notes. The siege of waiting that follows brings out an interesting study in human nature. Like the boy who waits in the dentist's office, the nervous one grips the arms of her chair, and sits stiffly erect, and engages in forced and inane chatter — for she is about to approach the world's highest seat of dignity. Were it possible for those awaiting presentation, to subjugate the thought of entrance, for the nonce, they would have plenty on which to feast their eyes. The regal appointments of the drawing rooms steeped in the lore and splendor of monarchs who have gone, could completely absorb the mind of anyone with a sense of beauty — during a period of calm. The deep gold of the walls; the high ornamented ceilings supporting chandeliers of myriad coruscations that hang like enormous jewels; the high backed, crimson plushed chairs, cramping and uncomfortable in their dignity, and the carpetry that treads like a bed of clover in Spring are passed unheeded. Overawed by the brief but intense test that is at hand, the expectant one waits, immune to

the beauty that surrounds her.

The rule at a Court is "first come, first served," or, rather, first "presented." By degrees the occupants of the front rows of chairs are summoned, by a Gentleman Usher, to step into the adjoining Picture Gallery. The great moment is at hand! Clutching her precious "summons card" and offering up a devout hope that there is nothing the matter with her dress, the débutante moves slowly forward in a long queue. As she reaches the head of it, a Page of Honor spreads out her train, which she has been holding, and takes her card. This is handed to the Lord Chamberlain, whose post is at the door of the "Presence Chamber." He gives a swift glance at the name inscribed and with a reassuring nod to the bearer calls out in a resonant voice, "Miss ——. Presented by ——!"

Conscious that every eye is watching to note how she will acquit herself, the débutante crosses the threshold. In front of her are seated their Majesties, the King and Queen, on gilt chairs, with the members of the Royal Family on their left and the "Great Officers of the Household" standing in a semi-circle behind them. As her name is called, the newcomer takes three steps forward and curtseys, first to the King and then to the Queen, who smile their acknowledgments with a reassuring bow. Having done this she leaves the chamber by a door at the further end, etiquette demanding that she walk backwards from the "Presence." That is all. The whole procedure occupies only a few seconds for several hundreds of presentations have to be made within the compass of a couple of hours.

As each débutante withdraws, thrilled and happy, she rejoins her chaperon and friends in the ballroom where supper is served to the company. The spectacle is a memorable one. Everywhere one sees shimmering dresses and sparkling jewels; gorgeous uniforms and glittering medals; a wealth of gold plate and hothouse flowers, while the music of a Guards band rises above the hum of laughter and talk.

A Court is a Cinderella affair. By 12 o'clock the guests are expected to have left. Ten minutes before the hour strikes, wraps are reclaimed and everybody is streaming into the hall. Soon the last car bearing its happy and thrilled occupants has departed from the quadrangle. The tread of sentries keeping their watch is the only sound heard. One by one the lights flicker and disappear. Buckingham Palace is wrapped in shuttered darkness. The Court is over.

National Cash

Condensed from Fortune (August, '30)

IN VERY round figures there are 2,700,000 National Cash Registers in 37 nations, and to every register there is attached a bell. The N. C. R. bell, it may be said, never stops ringing at all.

The bells are tuned in Dayton, a city which N. C. R. has made the neatest and nattiest in Ohio. There "The Cash" was born, and there it grew until now it is the most international concern of its size in the United States. For 55 percent of N. C. R.'s gross business of more than $50,000,000 a year is now foreign business.

Yet no business could be more American. It produced John Henry Patterson, an exclusively American character; and John Henry Patterson invented, to a degree unmatched by any other man, American salesmanship. In 1884 nobody wanted cash registers. They were known as "thief catchers," and clerks regarded them as insults and would let no N. C. R. salesman into the store to show a model to the boss. This was particularly true in saloons, whose bartenders had been rifling cash drawers. Patterson was forced to abandon models. He got to the circular, and in 1884 circulars were new and startling. He addressed 18 envelopes to each of 5000 prospects. Every day for 18 days a circular went out to each prospect. It was unpardonable, peace-disturbing. One merchant returned his ninth letter with the notation: "Let up. We never done you any harm." The relentless Patterson sent him nine more.

But Patterson's circulars did not replace salesmen. By no means. Though not a good salesman himself, he became the creator of the most high-powered breed of salesmen on the American road. He upset all existing practice with his commission basis (then used for cheap, risky goods); his fat, tempting commissions, with the sky the limit on a salesman's earnings; his quota system, by which each salesman was to sell his quota, not once only, but once a year — an absolutely unheard-of idea. His methods have now placed one register in the United States with about every 162 of population, and salesmen who turn in more than $30,000 business a year are members of the famous 100-point club which next year goes to Havana for fun at the company's expense.

That the entire world submits to the judgment of Dayton in cash registers is a credit to Sales-

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manship, but also to Accuracy. An inaccurate cash register would be of use only in Alice's Wonderland. Elsewhere, clerks will be accused; a whole store system, a whole bank may be disrupted if one of 600 or 700 wheels is a fraction off. This Daytonian accuracy is no trifle. Whereas a Wright Whirlwind nine cylinder engine has 3038 parts, a National Cash Register has between 8000 and 14,000. Old-timers at The Cash agree that the tool room is the secret of accuracy. N. C. R.'s investment in tools is about $8,000,000.

The Accuracy fetish at N. C. R. dates from 1894. In that year $50,000 worth of registers shipped to England (largest foreign order to date) were returned because they added faultily. Patterson had all the returned registers piled in a corner of the factory, put glass around them, kept them on exhibition for years. Patterson has used an ax on faulty registers in sight of his employes. Once he threw a crated register down the elevator shaft to see if the crating were any good. The Cash's crate is now famed over the trade routes of the world.

John Henry Patterson was originally a coal-dealer who ran a general store on the side. He discovered that he was losing $6000 a year instead of making the $12,000 which the figures said belonged to him. One day he observed that certain miners were waiting to buy from certain clerks and would buy from no others. Thereupon, he seized a miner's shopping basket and found that the man had been charged with only half of the goods received. He fired his whole force of four, and sat down to brood. Now he discovered that cash is the root of business, without which figures are mere dreams. He must organize his cash drawer, safeguard it. He heard about a crazy contraption being made in Dayton which publicly registered sales. It was expensive ($50 a machine). He telegraphed for two. He always did things that way.

It took nerve to telegraph for two cash registers in 1882. There were only about a dozen in the world, and they were regarded as so many jokes. The idea of such a machine had been suggested to a Dayton saloon-keeper named James Ritty, who was taking a vacation to Europe and was impressed by the indicator in the engine room of the ship which tallied the revolutions of the propeller.

Having installed the registers, John Henry Patterson failed to see his opportunity. He sold his business and went West to buy a ranch. In a hotel he and his brother Frank fell into conversation with a New England merchant who said he had been able to leave his store in the hands of a

clerk because it was protected by a cash register. Had they heard of the cash register? They had. That night the brothers Patterson conferred. With typical precipitancy John hauled his brother back to Dayton. They went directly to George Phillips, who owned the patents. They bought control for $6500 and then went around to the club to announce their entrance into the manufacturing business. They were the joke of the evening—Phillips had been trying to unload his stock all over town. Worried, Patterson returned to Phillips the next day and offered him $2000 if he would rescind the contract to buy. Phillips said he would not take the stock back as a present.

Here was Dayton's future international figure sunk in an insolvent company, and already 41. There was only one possible course of action. He had to sell these things in a hurry to get out of the hole. So he worked out some improvements in the machine and embarked upon his utterly astounding career of sales. In the company which he organized he became a tyrant and one of the most benevolent tyrants that ever lived. He gave, as we have noted, large commissions to his salesmen, and he gave generous "cuts" in the profits to everyone concerned.

He had eccentric habits which he urged upon all his executives. Toward the end of his life (he died in 1922) his pre-occupation with health was almost a mania. He believed in early rising, and executive desks at The Cash are still apt to open at 7:30. Patterson got the idea that a brisk horseback ride at 6:30 A.M. would improve health and efficiency, so at dawn for a number of months he and his aids could be seen cantering across Hills and Dales, a tract which he gave to the City of Dayton. He never considered N. C. R. and the executives as anything but an extension of his own restless personality. What was good for John Henry Patterson was good for everyone at the factory and helped to produce more and better registers. When he heard of Fletcher's principle of masticating food 40 times, many of his executives went in, perforce, for Fletcherizing. One doctor told him he ought to drink a glass of hot water frequently; therefore, in the midst of a consultation with department heads, hot water would arrive, not for him alone but for the department heads, too.

Because of Patterson, N. C. R. still has a personality such as few corporations can boast of. Specifically, N. C. R.'s two traditions of research and sales-pressure will bear the Pattersonian stamp forever. "The business that is satisfied with itself," he said, "is dead."

Money by the Ton

Condensed from Asia (August, '30)

Rodney Gilbert
A journalist in China for 17 years

AN OVERWORKED adage about the Chinese is that they have only two subjects of conversation — food and money. Though the adage is unjust, it is true that to an overwhelming proportion of the Chinese people the need of sufficient food to sustain life is a primary concern. And in China not only do the prices of food staples go up and down on the market, as they do with us, but all kinds of money also rise and fall in relative value from day to day. It can scarcely be wondered at, then, that the millions in China who are just one jump ahead of starvation have a lot to ask and tell one another in the streets about the worth of the few poor coins they have in hand.

It is hard for the tourist to grasp the idea that money is not only a medium of exchange but a commodity, bought and sold just like cabbage or coal. Since there is no gold reserve behind the Chinese dollar, it is worth no more than its weight in silver, which is just as much subject to price fluctuations, according to commercial demands, as steel or lead or wire nails. Then the tourist learns that five twenty-cent pieces or ten ten-cent pieces are almost never equal to a dollar (because they are under weight, or heavily alloyed, with no government guarantee behind them), that ten pennies will not by any means buy a ten-cent piece, and that paper money is subject to all sorts of inexplicable prejudices.

In the big ports the newcomer seems to collect something counterfeit every time he receives change. He also gets Japanese notes when a local anti-Japanese boycott is at its height and no patriot will touch them; he gets provincial notes that, because they come from provinces in rebellion against authority, are therefore under suspicion and subject to discount; he gets Canton twenty-cent pieces of the twelfth year of the republic at a time when the coinage of the tenth year is locally esteemed. He finds it hard to realize that he has not been *changing* money, but *buying* money on the *caveat emptor* principle.

There is no village in China big enough to boast an inn that does not have its cash-shop, discharging many of the functions of a bank, but making its greatest profit out of the conversion of silver into

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copper, or copper into silver. These establishments are of course the sworn enemies of a stabilized currency, because real currency reform would probably put the heads of a million Chinese households out of business.

The Chinese are born gamblers and delight in speculation. Millions of Chinese shoppers, for instance, resent the introduction of the one-price system and deliberately eschew a store in which hangs the conventional sign which means "speak not two prices." The haggling which wears the Occidental to shreds, psychically, puts into shopping all of the savor that the Oriental finds in it. A shop where no article has a fixed value but where the proprietor is ready to debate the worth of his wares for hours at a stretch, he approaches with fire in his eye.

Suppose a Chinese shopper has spent an hour in fixing the price on the materials for a new gown. By the time he produces a doubtful coin or ingot to pay for it, both he and the merchant have had a delightful time in stimulating all the passions known to the theatrical profession and stand high in each other's esteem.

With regret that the fun is over, they have arrived at an understanding. Now, with the appearance of the silver, their eyes light up again; for the whole show reopens. The merchant gets out his silver touchstone, his loaded scales and his short weights, and the party begins. The purchaser of the dress materials has long since agreed to pay the sum of 2300 cash for them and alleges that the lump of silver which he proffers is undoubtedly 98 percent pure, weighs 3.73 ounces and is worth 1482 cash per ounce on the local market. His change therefore should be 3228. The merchant gets his *abacus*, or counting machine, flicks the wooden balls to and fro with agile fingers and announces that the customer is wrong. Suppose that the silver is all that he claims for it, which is not granted. The local exchange is not 1482 cash per ounce, but 1462. The local exchange, says the customer, is not 1462 but 1470, and that is based upon the quality of local silver which is 96 percent pure, while his is 98 percent silver — good Shansi silver, which, as everyone knows, is at a premium.

"Shansi silver!" exclaims the shopkeeper, examining the ingot; "then it's no use here. I couldn't dispose of it. See how black it is. I shall have to discount it 20 cash to the ounce. Let's see the weight."

He weighs the ingot in his balance and shows the customer that, instead of 3.73 ounces, the lump weighs 3.698 ounces. The customer examines the scales and announces that they are, as he

expected, not official scales. The merchant rubs the ingot on his stone, which he carries to the light for examination, and comes back wagging his head to say that he is by no means sure that the whole lump is not pewter after all. The customer calls on his old grandfather in heaven to witness how full the world is of turpitude.

In due course they agree that the ingot shall, for purposes of trade, both being conciliatory and reasonable beings with no great care for money, be said to weigh 3.71 ounces, exchangeable at 1470 cash. By an hour's histrionic effort, the shopkeeper has saved himself a sum equivalent to something like three cents in our currency.

Cash, as everyone knows, are bronze coins of a size varying from that of a dime to that of a quarter. There is a square hole in each coin by means of which cash are strung in hundreds, five hundreds, and thousands, but rarely indeed is a hundred cash 100, or a thousand cash 1000. Local convention determines the kind of cash that is acceptable and the number that is to be reckoned a hundred or a thousand. The appearance of the cash is therefore the signal for fresh altercation.

One might think that no one could afford to waste time counting a string of coins worth less than a twentieth of a cent each, but in China the poor never fail to count them. I once had two cartmen to pay off. My debt to them was reckoned in silver, but they asked me to change it into copper since, as they said, they were ignorant men who would be imposed on by the cash-shops. This I did, after the usual painful dispute in the cash-shop about the quality and weight of my silver, and had, I discovered, something above 36,000 cash, about 290 pounds of metal, delivered at my inn. I summoned the cartmen and told them to take their guerdon. Were they satisfied? They were not. They sat down on my doorstep and proceeded to undo and count the 36,000 cash in my presence, announcing at the end of some hours that they were short by more than 700 cash and I was to that extent in their debt.

This mistake I never repeated. What a Chinese would have done was buy a credit at a cash-shop for so many ounces of silver, at such and such a cash exchange, and give the cartmen an order on the shop for the amount. They could then have counted the coins under the eye of a shop underling, to whom a half-day, being but a fraction of eternity and therefore zero, meant nothing.

Charting the Fashions

Condensed from the Atlantic Monthly (June, '30)

Katherine Casey and Claire Sullivan

Katherine Casey is Director of the Fashion and Merchandising Information Division of the Hahn Department Stores, Inc.

ON a crisp autumn morning in the financial district of New York City an alert young girl stood on a street corner and closely scrutinized the shoulders of every man who passed. From time to time could be heard the click of a little instrument in her hand.

An elderly gentleman, attracted by the intent manner of the young woman, allowed curiosity to overcome strict convention.

"Would you mind telling me what you are doing?" he asked.

"Not at all," she replied, clicking her counter twice as she spoke. "I'm counting to see how many out of every hundred men who pass are wearing coats with peaked lapels. I work for the fashion bureau of a department-store group."

At the same hour a banker in one of the near-by celebrated institutions was calling this young woman's chief on the telephone. "We have just financed the such-and-such mills to the tune of a good many million dollars," he stated, "and they report that they have their looms set to run until midwinter on transparent velvet. Tell me, are they all right for style?"

"They are not," the fashion analyst answered, "and I advise you to get those looms changed at once if possible. Transparent velvet is on the way out."

The style scout on the windy corner and the banker telephoning from the splendor of his office are factors, at either end of the scale, in a highly organized and important new profession which today influences all shopkeeping, and which can be referred to as Charting Fashions.

In the old days, before publicity was perfected to the point where details of the costume of the Princess di San Faustino at the Lido on Monday are known to young women inhabiting our Western prairies by Wednesday, the matter of fashion was not of such relentless importance. Before the war, a woman was inclined to buy without much question whatever was presented to her in her favorite shop. She was not too well informed about the intangible vaguely known as "style." But the visual publicity possible today because of the movies, and the fact that the

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world and his wife get around more, thanks to their automobiles, have given fashion an altogether new importance. Therefore the fashion analyst has appeared.

The first principle that the fashion analyst expounds is that there is nothing sudden, or erratic, or mysterious about fashion. It moves slowly and in cycles.

The chain begins in the brains of the great dress designers of Paris, who have the prestige of European culture and the treasures of the world's great storehouses of art to draw upon. The fruits of their labors are presented to a few score of international beauties, cosmopolites, society women, much-admired actresses and the like, who make a life work, an intense and exciting one, of appearing, beautifully clad, at the pleasure resorts of the Continent.

These women start the fashion. What they reject is banished. It disappears. What they accept they wear at Biarritz, Deauville, on the Riviera, at the races in Paris, at the Swiss winter resorts. Soon it is seen on the fashionable ocean liners, on Park Avenue; a little later, in great numbers, on Fifth Avenue; and then, a very little later, on nearly every Main Street in the land.

It is the painstaking accuracy of the charting of fashions which makes it so valuable. When fashion scouts attend the races at Belmont or Meadowbrook they do not note in a general way that tweed is being worn, or that fur scarfs seem to be in favor. They count how many tweed suits there are, recording what colors and by whom worn. When they go to tea at the Plaza they count the number of women present and the proportion wearing gray-beige hose to those wearing sun-bronze.

A few years ago the word "ensemble" came into the fashion language of the American woman. It meant to her a suit — that is, a dress and coat that matched, or were closely related in fabric and color. The word has now come to mean the proper selection of colors, fabrics, and accessories for harmonious effect in costume and home decoration.

In order that a customer may go into a store and come forth with a complete ensemble, or with accessories perfectly assembled, careful and intensive work on the part of the fashion analyst in anticipation of the season's wants is required. Shoes are planned with the manufacturer, and ordered six to ten weeks in advance of their actual selling in the store. When, as has been the case in the past year, shoes and bags are worn in the same color, and frequently in the same leather, fashion coördinators must first make sure that the shoe buyers

are selecting the fashionable color and then, with samples of the leathers that are being pulled over the lasts, hurry back to the bag buyer, advising bags of the same leather.

A keen, well-informed fashion research director collects the important colors and the important fabrics for a coming season eight to twelve weeks in advance, and supplies to all the buyers with whom she works a complete set of swatches which they will use in the market as their guide in all color selection. Only in this way can a store's coat department know accurately the shade which the customer quotes from the hat department, and so supply a matching or correctly harmonizing shade. When this color plan is worked out, matching gloves and hose, sweaters and skirts, evening wraps and dance frocks, will be found in the same store.

Sometimes one person can set a style. Jacques Borotra, the "bounding Basque" of the sports writers, prancing joyously over the tennis courts in full view of thousands of admiring débutantes and wearing the skullcap his compatriots had worn for years, is credited with starting a fashion in headgear that has swept the world — first in little caps for children, and later, when the fine artistic hand of the Parisian modiste had worked its modifying charm, in a classic fashion for women's hats. In the same way a famous English actress now starring on Broadway is believed to have initiated the vogue for imitation, or costume, jewelry which has swept the country.

But the vagaries of uncommonly popular individuals are not, of course, the only breeding ground for styles which may become the fashion. An upheaval like the World War will be responsible for short skirts, cropped hair, and other evidences of utilitarian simplicity. The sun-basking of the Italians at the Lido so impressed itself on the American tourists in Venice that pyjamas have escaped from the boudoir and come into the garden all over the United States. Health seekers baring their backs to the rays of the Mediterranean sun all along the French and Italian Riviera started the vogue for backless and sleeveless dresses which dismayed silk manufacturers and modest prelates alike.

And the old dependable yearning for change is now bringing back feminine frills and fripperies to a world of women starved with the Biblical lean seven years of stern masculine simplicity.

There's nothing new under the sun and never was, but the designer lives and flourishes by knowing when the old is old enough to be new again, and what manner of ingratiating detail it may attempt as disguise.

Mother of the North

Condensed from The American Magazine (August, '30)

Barrett Willoughby

"I HAD only seven dollars to my name. I didn't know a soul in Alaska. I had no place to go; so I stood on the beach in the rain, while tented Skagway of 1897 shouted, cursed, shot, and surged about me."

Mrs. Harriet Pullen, who is, perhaps, the best-known woman in Alaska, was telling me how she began her career which has earned for her the title: "Mother of the North."

"Necessity had forced me to seek my fortune in the new gold-rush town. I had lost my husband. I was inexperienced in business matters. I had lost my beautiful home, a ranch on the coast of Washington, and all my stock except seven horses that I had raised from colts. I had four little children to provide for — and I had never been trained to work.

"When the climax came it was my cook who advised me to go with the Klondike rush to Skagway, where unskilled workers might find a job. Having barely enough money to pay my fare, I left my babies with a friend and boarded the crowded steamer. Four days later we were put ashore.

"Frightened and alone I stood shivering. A man in a red mackinaw stopped and looked me over.

"'Ever cook?' he asked.

"'A little,' I answered.

"'You're hired. Three dollars a day. Come along.'

"Eagerly I followed him up the beach, up through a maze of flapping tents, along a tented street crowded with people, horses, dogs, all sloshing through mud a foot deep.

"We came to a tent under a tree. 'Here's my layout,' said my employer hurriedly. 'Grub's in a tent alongside. My men are cutting piling for the new wharf. When they come in tonight they'll be hungry enough to eat raw dog. You'll have 18 for supper.'

"With that he rushed out.

"I was aware of smells of rancid grease and smoked meats. A pan of beans was burning on the stove where the Jap cook had left it an hour before, when he had deserted to go on into the Klondike country. The dirt floor was littered with scraps of food, the rough table heaped with soiled tin dishes. And with this wretched equipment I must prepare meals for 18 men! But I didn't dare give up my first job. So I tied a

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flour sack about my waist, and began to clean up that place."

Old-time Alaskans have described Harriet Pullen as she was that day — a splendid young beauty with a proud head crowned with a mass of dark red hair.

"I raked the scraps from the floor," she continued, "scoured the dishes with ashes, and by evening had a fairly good supper ready."

Cooking in a tent was hard work, and Mrs. Pullen's hands cracked and bled.

"It took me three months to save enough money to send for my children," she went on. "Since Skagway was no place for a little girl, I left my daughter in the States. When my boys arrived I had a home ready for them — a tiny log cabin on the water front, with a small stove in one corner and a bale of straw for a bed in another. My boys were too small to realize how desperately poor I was. They considered me a wonderful mother. They believed I'd given them that straw to sleep in just so they might have fun!

"Yet, even though they were so small, they helped me. They brought in boxes from the beach, and nights, after work, I made these into furniture — chairs, a table, a cupboard, and shelves."

As the weeks went by, Mrs. Pullen saw that her three dollars a day would not provide adequately for her growing children. Her boarders were loud in their praise of her cooking, but her employer felt that she was not experienced enough yet to merit an increase in wages. To get more money she made dried-apple pies for a woman who ran a restaurant.

"I worked at them nights after my other tasks were done. I made them by the dozen, by the hundred. Why, I built enough dried-apple pies to pay the freight on the seven horses I'd left in Washington!

"By this time horses were in demand in Skagway. The beach was blocked with thousands of tons of freight awaiting transportation over the White Pass Trail to the head of river navigation. Horses didn't last long on the White Pass Trail.

"My own horses — it filled me with anguish to think of them in Skagway. But I knew that with the horses I could make the money necessary to get my babies a better home and education."

The horses arrived — though their harness was stolen! — and Mrs. Pullen began to run a pack train on the White Pass Trail.

"The Heartbreak Trail!" "The Worst Trail this side of Hell!" In a land of daring women Mrs. Pullen is the only one who ever freighted over that course which was so terrible that many a strong

man turned back — or committed suicide.

"My freighting business was fairly profitable," she recalled. "I cleared $25 a day. But I never made as much as a man, because I refused to overwork my horses.

"I knew this prosperity could last but a little while, however, because already in May of 1898 the White Pass Railroad was under construction. I had noticed a great house standing empty just off the main part of town. I knew I could fill that house with paying guests."

She rented the place, and that was the beginning of the Pullen House, the comfortable, rambling hostelry that is known to world travelers today as Alaska's best.

Thirty years have passed since then. As a guest of the present-day Pullen House I sat in the sunny dining-room chatting with its owner, a Junoesque woman with an air of command. What of those three little boys who slept in the straw?

Her oldest son, Dan, was the first cadet from Alaska at West Point. He was the flaming-haired young giant, famous All-American football tackle, who finished there with more honors than had ever before been accorded a cadet. A colonel of engineers in the late war, he was pressed into service as a tank commander. With his squadron of tanks he took a German position; but the infantry following him failed to consolidate. The red-headed Dan charged back on foot, reformed the infantry, led them back, and retook the position. General Pershing, when he heard of this, exclaimed fervently: "I wish I had a regiment of Pullens!" Before he "went west" Young Colonel Dan Pullen was honored with the Croix de Guerre with two palms, a Distinguished Service Cross, and the Belgian King's decoration of the Order of the Crown.

Chester Pullen went singing away one vacation afternoon and was accidentally drowned in the swift-rushing river.

Royal Pullen came back from the war with wounds and citations for gallantry, and is today in charge of one of the biggest mines in the world.

"Don't you often wish that he lived here where you could be with him?" I asked this pioneer mother.

"No," she said promptly. "His work lies out in the world. I would not dream of handicapping my son with such weak wishes."

High Altitude

Condensed from The Sportsman Pilot (July, '30)

Ernest W. Fair

Vice-president and general manager of the Southwestern Air Club of Oklahoma City

FOUR minutes after the take-off he had climbed to 10,000 feet. Another minute, and, as he reached 12,000 feet, he turned on the oxygen from his supply tanks, so that his lungs might breathe properly. Ten minutes and he was still climbing, well past the 20,000 foot mark.

"I begin to feel the cold air around my eyes," he said to himself as he continued to climb in ever widening circles. He looked over the cockpit at the earth below and noted that the earth had not changed its appearance during the climb from 20,000 to 30,000 feet. At 43,166 feet he could climb no more, the plane and engine refused to respond. He turned earthward. Thus Lieut. Apollo Soucek on June 4th established the altitude record for land planes.

Just how high can we fly? We have solved problems of altitude flying to the 40,000 foot level. Our next problem, while plans are being made to utilize for commercial purposes altitudes to that height, is to consider flight between 40,000 and 75,000 feet.

The biggest problem of high altitude flying is rarefied air which not only affects the human being but the plane and engine as well. We know that the atmosphere is not homogeneous. We know that it has its highest pressure and density at the ground level, and that both rapidly diminish with altitude. We find that the air at 22,000 feet is only half as dense as at the sea level, and at the altitude of 78,000 feet its density will have been reduced 25 times.

Dense air helps us to take off and land. Rare air increases our speed. B. V. Korvin-Kroukovsky, one of the engineers who is devoting his time and experience to these problems, has shown that flying at higher altitudes will allow us to increase the speed some 50 percent at the power loading used on the present-day commercial airplanes. He predicts that this gain over the maximum speed possible at sea level will increase further as the power loading decreases with the development of more powerful and lighter engines.

Several experiments conducted by the Bureau of Standards show that the horsepower of an engine at 20,000 feet is only 41 percent of the original horsepower avail-

able, and that at 45,000 it is only 10 percent. We can understand easily why Soucek's plane refused to climb higher and why he was forced to turn the nose of the plane toward the ground. It has been known for a long time that as the decrease of engine power occurs it can be prevented by compressing the air that enters the carburetor and maintaining the ground pressure at which the engine runs most efficiently. This is accomplished by superchargers operated by the hot exhaust gases from the engine. At high altitudes full sea level pressure is thus maintained. As the percentage of the oxygen in the air decreases, the volume of the air to be supplied to the engine must be increased, increasing in the same proportion the power needed to drive the superchargers.

In an analysis of gas contents of the air and their mixtures in the higher altitudes Kroukovsky says: "The atmosphere contains not only nitrogen and oxygen but considerable amounts of hydrogen, which is almost absent in the lower stratas of the atmosphere and predominates in the upper layers. As the percentage of oxygen decreases and the percentage of hydrogen increases with altitude, a proportion is reached, at the altitude of about 200,000 feet where their mixture is just correct for combustion. Indeed, enormous explosions could have been caused by burning meteors, were it not for the fact that combustion is impossible when the mixture is as rarefied as it is at 200,000 feet. However, if this mixture were compressed by a supercharger and by the piston of an engine, it would burn very well and would supply the power necessary for flight. Were an airplane built powerful enough to reach the altitude of 200,000 feet, it could remain there for an indefinite length of time, and could cover any distance at a speed of some 3000 miles per hour, using the atmosphere as its fuel. To be able to do this, however, it must possess about 40 times the minimum power it requires at sea level."

Let us consider the matter of the personal comfort of the pilot and passengers. The surrounding atmosphere at 50,000 feet and in the upper stratosphere has a pressure of some one-thirtieth of the pressure at the ground, and the normal temperature is 67 degrees below zero Farenheit. We know that human beings depend for their life on the oxygen in the air, which is absorbed by the hæmoglobin of the blood in the lungs, and is carried to all parts of the body. To an altitude not exceeding 20,000 feet this process is independent of the surrounding atmospheric pressure. But when the pressure is reduced to 347 millimeters of mercury (at

about 20,000 feet) the haemoglobin begins to give out oxygen, and at still lower pressures its capacity to hold oxygen is considerably reduced. One has but to glance over reports of these flights to know that the pilot suffers distress and often loses consciousness, even though a plentiful supply of oxygen is at hand.

For this reason alone it will be necessary for an airplane operating in the upper stratosphere to be equipped with an airtight cabin, the air pressure of which will be maintained at not less than half of the ground pressure, and preferably at about 760 millimeters of mercury. Engineers who have tackled this problem have realized that ordinarily such a cabin would be entirely too heavy. When you remember that the engineer is faced with designing a cabin inside of which there is a pressure of 14.7 pounds per square inch and outside of which there may be possibly an absolute vacuum we realize that the cabin must be circular in cross section, since such walls are subjected only to tensile stress and not to bending.

One engineer has worked out designs for this cabin with little need for other materials than we now have. He assumes a five place plane with 425 horsepower. The diameter of his fuselage is six feet, constructed of sheet duralumin of a tensile strength of 55,000 pounds per square inch. Heating the cabin would be simple, and air for the crew and passengers would be compressed by a small compressor.

For the present, then, our limit of normal flying is to 20,000 feet; for individual, prepared flights, 44,000 feet. During the next 5 years 60,000 feet seems probable and, if the pace of research continues, we may expect to reach 75,000 feet within a decade. It will be many years, perhaps beyond our own time, before regular passenger and freight flights will be made in the stratosphere.

One rightly asks what good it would be for a plane to climb to the enormous height of 50,000 feet for a hop from Chicago to New York. It would lose too much time in the ascent and descent. But it is not for such flights that these higher altitudes are to be used. The dream is for long hops, inter-continental flights, freight lines from Japan to Europe, high in the skies over America.

Down Into Davy Jones's Locker

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine (July 13, '30)

William Beebe

Author, naturalist, and explorer

AFTER years of peering down through blue water from the deck of a steamer, of lying flat in a glass-bottomed boat, of climbing down ten fathoms in a helmet and then looking over a submarine precipice with longing at the unattainable blue-blackness still further beneath, I have at last been able to go to and see, and return from, depths in midocean which I never hoped to reach. Three times I touched 800 feet beneath the surface and once 1426 feet — well over a quarter of a mile.

For a year Otis Barton has devoted his time and money to the making of a great steel sphere with its windows of fused quartz. Off Bermuda we gave it a trial. Five miles off shore, with a mile of water beneath the keel of our boat, we sent the sphere down for a test dive, empty, to 1500 feet. It reached the deck again two hours later having taken in only about a quart of water.

After putting in the oxygen tanks, the telephone, electric lights, fans, thermometer and the chemicals for drying the air and absorbing the carbon dioxide, I crawled in and Otis Barton followed. The 400-pound door clanged into place and the interminable screwing down and hammering of the nuts and the big central bolt began.

Soon after we had splashed gently into the surface, word came down the hose that we were at 50 feet, and I looked out at the brilliant blue and could not realize that this was almost the limit of my diving helmet range. Then "100 feet" was called out and still the only change was a slight twilighting and chilling of the blue. In a few seconds I realized that we were at 132 feet, the depth where Commander Ellsberg labored so gallantly to free the men in the submarine S-51.

Barton gave an exclamation at 300 feet and I turned the flash on the door and saw a slow trickle of water beneath it. About a pint had already collected. I wiped away the meandering trickle and still it came. I knew the door was solid enough. But after that, the flashlight was turned on the door-sill a dozen times during our descent. The stream did not increase.

The most amazing thing about our whole descent was the color. My companion kept exclaiming

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at its brilliance and saying he could read by it, and while the excitation of my optic nerves agreed with him, my mind told me it was not true. We called a halt at 800 feet.

The three exciting internal events which marked this first trip were, first, the discovery of the slight leak at 300 feet, which lessened as we went down; next, the sudden short-circuiting of the electric light switch, with attendant splutterings and sparks, which was soon remedied. The third was absurd for it was only Barton pulling out his palm leaf fan from behind the chemical rack. I was wholly absorbed at the time in watching some small fish, when the sudden shrieking rasp gave me all the reactions which we might imagine from the simultaneous caving in of both windows and door!

What proved to be our record dive for extreme depth came four days later. Having fastened on the flags of the Explorers' Club and the Zoological Society, we were screwed and bolted in at ten o'clock. Twenty-five minutes later we had again reached our record floor — 800 feet. At 900 feet we were passing through a mist of small shrimp. We could distinguish illustrations in a book from a page of type, but that was all. At 1050 feet a score of silver hatchet fish passed, the first living ones ever seen by man.

At 1100 feet several rat-tailed fish swam around the loops of our hose. White shrimps like ghosts drifted past, and luminous sparks burned and were quenched upon unseen bodies. Our searchlight cut a sharp swath through the blue murk. At 10:44 we heard "1400 feet" called down the hose. Later we found that our extreme depth had been 1426 feet — over a quarter of a mile.

I pressed my face close against the glass and peered down, and again I felt the old longing to go further, although it looked like the black pit-mouth of hell itself — yet still showed blue. There seemed no reason why we should not swing open the door and swim out, and yet I knew that on the single square of glass which my nose pressed there was a dead weight of more than 650 pounds. On the outside of our steel sphere the water pressed on us with a weight which, when we later estimated it, seemed incredible — 3366.2 tons. I was rather glad that this bit of pregnant knowledge was withheld from me until I returned to the surface.

The sole object of our experiment was observation, and I think it was the greatest thrill of my life when I realized that I was actually seeing a generous number of deep-sea organisms, and that I was really observing luminous fish functioning in their own environment. I had been studying a

tiny section of mid-ocean and now I was actually in that section myself. It was as if an astronomer should have rocketed himself around Mars.

I found that without the electric light for 600 feet, and with it from there down, I could distinctly see many forms of life through our little window. Shrimps of various sizes were the dominant forms of life at all depths below 300 feet. At 700 feet I began to see luminescence. Fish would glisten like silver as they crossed the narrow shaft of electric light, and then, entering the blue-blackness, they would become instantly disembodied, with a flash of fiery light to mark their path.

Sparks as large as a penny would flash in the distance and be quenched almost in the same instant, leaving no slightest hint of their origin; the momentary glow was always pale greenish or silvery. Once a little school of almost a dozen fish crossed my diminutive comet's tail, all astonishingly swimming upright on their tails.

As I crouched close to the tiny circle of quartz, there came over me a tremendous wave of emotion, and a momentary appreciation of the whole situation; our barge tossing high overhead in the blazing sunlight like the merest chip in the midst of the ocean, the long cobweb of a cable leading down through the spectrum to our tiny sphere, where, sealed tightly, we dangled in midwater, lonely as a lost planet in space.

Here, under a pressure which, if loosened, in a fraction of a second would make tissue paper of a human being, breathing our own homemade atmosphere, sending a few comforting words chasing up and down a wire thread; here I was privileged to peer out and actually see the creatures which had evolved in the blackness of a blue midnight which, since the ocean was born, had known no following day.

We hope to carry on with this splendid deep-sea chamber — this bathysphere — next year. We shall probably try to see something of the life of the sea a half mile down. But there is sufficient work for a lifetime well within the new territory — 35,000,000 cubic miles of water! — in the open ocean which can now be explored at first hand.

The importance of the whole adventure may be summed up in a single sentence. The margin of safety, as we have demonstrated, makes future research in this direction reasonable; and the scientific results have proved to be greater, both in sheer number and accuracy of facts, and in philosophical values, than our utmost hopes had led us to believe possible.

The Talking Newspaper

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (August, '30)

Michel Mok

SIX o'clock of a stormy spring evening. Fire breaks out in the Ohio State Penitentiary at Columbus. Five thousand men fight for their lives behind melting prison bars. Three hundred and seventeen are killed in their cells by flames and suffocation.

Three o'clock the next afternoon. Carefree crowds fill the moving picture houses along Broadway. There, 600 miles from the scene of the holocaust, only 21 hours after the first alarm, Pathé News pictures of the disaster are thrown on the screens.

The theater patrons not only see the harrowing sights; they also hear the shrieking of the prison siren, the hissing as water hits flames, the howling of desperate prisoners, the thud of falling beams, the commands of Army officers and jail officials.

With this remarkable achievement, considered a world's record in the speedy gathering and presentation of audible photographic news, the sound newsreel some weeks ago came definitely into its own as a "talking newspaper."

Sound news, a by-product of the talkies, is only a little over three years old. The first audible picture report of a news event was made on May 20, 1927, when Fox Movietone News recorded Lindbergh's historic take-off for Paris. The first all-sound newsreel, also produced by Fox, was shown at the Roxy Theater, New York, in October 1927. It included the Army-Yale football game in the Yale Bowl, rodeo performers, some other news events, and a few thundering shots of Niagara Falls for good measure.

Now the three-year-old has grown into an all-seeing, all-hearing giant that sprawls over the entire earth, catching any sight and sound that may interest, thrill, or amuse you, from Admiral Byrd's arrival, amid cheers, at New Zealand from Antarctica, and buzzing Army airplanes laying a smoke screen in a sham air battle over California, to the Prince of Wales's latest big game hunt in Africa and the cooing prize-winner in a baby show at Wildwood, N. J. These and a thousand and one other things, occurring in as many places, you may both see and hear at your favorite movie house around the corner.

Sound newsreels are issued

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regularly twice weekly by three companies — Fox, Pathé, and Paramount — and shown in about 12,000 theaters throughout the country. In New York, in the heart of the amusement district, sound news has a home of its own, the Newsreel Theater. Here nothing but sound news is presented in hourly shows from ten o'clock in the morning until midnight. Since it opened last November, the theater has been crowded at every performance.

One of the reasons for the success of this undertaking, and of sound newsreels wherever they are shown, is the speed with which the pictures are screened after the events occur. Sound news, of course, must be hot off the griddle. To insure the swiftest possible service, the three news movie companies have built up elaborate organizations. In every important city in the United States, and at strategic points in virtually every foreign country, they have their representatives — trained men with a keen sense of news and a thorough understanding of what interests the American public.

Every fast means of transportation — the swiftest steamers, express trains, airplanes, and high-powered automobiles — is brought into play to rush the films to the home plants in and near New York City, where all negatives are developed, and later to distribute the finished product to the theaters.

Sound recording involves the use of a good deal of elaborate machinery. A miniature talkie studio has to be taken to the spot where the news "breaks." The sound truck, in effect, is a small outdoor sound studio on wheels.

These motor trucks, varying in capacity fron one half ton to five tons, contain various types of recording machinery and generating apparatus, including the camera and microphone. Usually they are manned by a crew of three — the camera man, the sound man, and the microphone man, one of whom, as a rule, is also the driver.

The average cost of a completely appointed sound truck is $25,000. The Fox-Hearst organization alone at present has 40 sound trucks in operation in this and other countries.

In places that are inaccessible to the sound truck and on "emergency assignments," portable sound recording outfits are used. One cannot, for example, board a steamer with a truck. To connect a sound truck in the street by cable with, say, the 20th floor of a building, where a celebrity to be "interviewed" may have an office, would be a cumbersome and difficult job. In such cases and at times when a distant point must be reached in a hurry and a train becomes the

more desirable means of transportation, the "portable" is used.

Paramount's portable outfits weigh about 380 pounds each; those of Fox and Pathé, between 200 and 250 pounds. Fox also has a "flying outfit" for airplanes, which weighs scarcely 200 pounds. A complete set of portable equipment, including sound recording apparatus, camera, and microphone, is contained in three or four small cases, each about 20 inches long, 20 inches high and 18 inches wide. Three men can handle the outfit and it is transported easily in trains and taxicabs. Portables, though already giving satisfactory results, are still in the experimental stage.

At present, the trucks are indispensable. Take, for example, the Ohio Penitentiary fire, the greatest disaster in the history of the sound newsreels. The "story" was told in 300 feet of film that took only two and one half minutes to be shown on the screen. But the sound truck men who "covered" it narrowly escaped death when their truck or "camion," as they call it, was struck by a high-tension electric wire during a wild night drive through a storm to the scene of the disaster. Incidentally, they were able to reach Columbus and record the fire before their competitors arrived because they were in Cleveland, covering the opening of the American League baseball season when the fire broke out.

I accompanied Harry Harde, the camera man who filmed the prison fire, on his next assignment — shooting sound pictures of a group of rookie prison guards exercising under the direction of a physical trainer.

The camera was mounted on its tripod in the ordinary manner and then connected by cable with the truck. The microphone, connected in the same way, was placed so as to catch the commands of the trainer. Then Harry and the sound man, at his post inside the truck, attached their transmitters and headpieces, thus establishing telephone communication with each other. "Are you ready?" Harry asked the sound man over the phone. Receiving a satisfactory answer, he nodded to the trainer to proceed. Harry started the motor on his camera and the sound man set the recording machinery in motion. Both camera and sound recording apparatus are equipped with synchronous motors. Hence they keep time and always pass the same footage of film.

After a "story" has been shot, the film is rushed to the laboratory, where it is quickly developed, printed and edited. Now the subject is ready for insertion in the sound newsreels, and when this is assembled, the "talking newspaper" is shipped to the theaters.

What Murders Sleep?

Condensed from The Country Home (July, '30)

Donald A. Laird and Charles G. Muller
Dr. Laird is director of the psychology laboratory at Colgate University

RIP VAN WINKLE slept 20 years. But that's nothing. We all spend 20 years and more in sleep if we live the allotted threescore years and ten. Two decades is a long time to spend in bed. Something should be done about it!

For the past six years, in numerous universities, intensive attacks have been made on the mysteries of sleep. Right now eight students on the Colgate University campus are in a ten-room sleep laboratory equipped with soundproof walls, electric and pneumatic ducts, gas masks, automatic recording machines and specially designed beds. The boys call themselves human guinea pigs.

About the first thing their tests verified was a truth the old Romans put to use when they killed Cerseus, the last King of Macedonia, in less than a week by not letting him sleep — that all animals (including kings) die quicker from lack of sleep than from lack of food.

Of course the human guinea pigs were not deprived of sleep in amounts large enough to kill. Instead, they were given mental work to do after successively shortened nights of rest. The results proved that while we may appear to do as good work on six hours' sleep as on a full eight, it takes more out of our bodies to do it.

Had these boys been able to find out just what is the ideal amount of sleep, it would have been epoch-making. But the average hours men and women spend in bed is no indication of how much time we really ought to sleep. The problem is how to get *good* sleep.

The effects of noise on sleep were startling. Noise, causing body muscles to tighten, raises blood pressure without waking us. The slight noise made by walking past a bed on tiptoe raised the sleeper's muscle tension almost to the waking point. So while you may not have waked on nights spent in Pullman cars or noisy hotels, the reason you did not feel well rested next morning was that all night you responded to noise without being conscious of it. Our responses to noise can become dulled gradually so that we do not think we mind it. But laboratory records show that we pay the price for blunted nerves.

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The law gets after disturbing outside noises, but it is also up to the householder to protect himself. His best defense is a home with sound-absorbing ceilings and walls. A man in the middle West built a house in this fashion; it was so quiet that the doorbell or telephone could not be heard from one room to another.

Outside noises that penetrate into the bedroom can be cut in half by a small box of sound-absorbing wallboard fitted into the open window. Or a screen of velour about a foot from the window will absorb much of the racket that comes in with the fresh air. With velour drapes instead of light curtain material on all the windows and every inch of floor space covered with heavy wool rugs we shall have done practically all we can to lessen the sleep-destroying effects of outside noises.

As for the equally disturbing sounds that slip into the bedroom from inside the house — children's raucous shouts and shrill doorbells — a felt weather stripping around the sleeping-room door and across the bottom jam will fix those.

Light is nearly as great a disturber of sleep as noise. But it is astonishing how soporific is the effect of blue color. Glass painters sometimes fall asleep before their easels of cobalt blue. At a well-equipped hospital for mental patients, rooms finished in every detail in blue or green — including furniture, floor and ceiling — are assigned to excited, fidgety patients. Thus blue or green is an emotionally wise sleeping-room choice.

After four o'clock summer mornings, when the sun streams across your face and brightens up the room, you at once begin to sleep lightly, though you may not wake. You will more quickly recoup from fatigue if the bedroom is intelligently colored to absorb that morning light. You can place the bed so you do not directly face the window, arrange brightly polished hardware and ornaments so they do not reflect a glare into your eyes and cover your noise-absorbing window screen with dark-colored material. Shades should be completely opaque to light and drawn to about an inch from the bottom of the window.

In making preparations for the long Antarctic night, Commander Byrd took as much care in selecting his party's beds as in choosing scientific and aëronautical equipment. Obviously beds have individual differences. One that is just right for a woman who weighs 115 pounds will not be just right for a man weighing 215. A good bed is one that encourages muscular relaxation and a healthy normal posture, and the ideal

size for one person is a double bed. Next to be preferred is a very wide single bed, for one less than 39 inches wide tends to cheat you of full rest value by increasing muscle tension.

Springs fall into two classes: one built of many vertical coils, the other made of horizontally stretched wires or springs or metal links. Fifteen percent extra energy is the price we pay daily for sleeping on a sagging link spring whose hammock effect keeps us partially folded up like a half-closed jack-knife.

A medium coil-spring leaves the average person in best condition for mental work. After sleeping on a very stiff or hard spring the Colgate boys needed about 12 percent more energy to do the same work. A very soft spring was the most expensive of all in bodily energy required for mental activity.

The mattress depends upon the spring, for if both are soft, the combination will be too soft for good sleep, and arms and legs will go up into the air. Sleeping in such a bed is like being the loser in an all-night wrestling match.

Latitude may be allowed in choosing pillows, but a large down pillow generally is the most comfortable, unless one habitually sleeps on his back, in which case a very thin pillow or none at all is best.

But when we have not developed the valuable knack of calming down mentally after we jump into bed, is there anything we can do? Yes. It is natural for sleep to recur at regular intervals, and we should follow a regular bedtime schedule as the first step in getting to sleep.

The second step is to calm down from the day's activities. A supreme court justice buries his face in his pillow; the editor of a national magazine sticks his feet out from under the bedclothes; a writer focuses his mind on total, empty darkness until a single disk of black comes out of it, and he then keeps his mind's eye on this black disk until . . . it is morning; a rabbi counts the beats of a clock pendulum, and by the time he has counted 300 he usually is asleep.

One of the best ways to calm down mentally is to arrange to sleep late next morning or to be philosophical if you don't drop off right away, realizing that loss of sleep is not a complete catastrophe. Slumber will then come quickly.

Getting up right is important. The quick change from a horizontal to a vertical position throws a tremendous load on the heart. The best waking comes from a spontaneous realization that another day has dawned, a realization that will arrive of itself if we go to bed early enough to be really slept out by breakfast.

Big Business Is Boarding the Trawlers

Condensed from The World's Work (August, '30)

Earl Hanson

SOMETHING revolutionary has happened to the fishing business. The quick-freezing methods recently developed, by which the fish can be frozen at extremely low temperatures immediately after being taken out of the boats, allow the produce to be stored and perfectly preserved for months in refrigerated chambers. As far as the step from distributor to consumer is concerned, fresh fish need no longer be a perishable product.

A corollary advance — the distribution of seafoods through approved modern marketing methods — is shaking up the entire industry from top to bottom. The men who built up the quick-freezing ventures realized long ago that radical changes would have to be made at the catching end — not only to dovetail with new commercial and technical methods on shore but to increase efficiency and reduce costs.

Forty-nine modern power trawlers were built around Boston last year. The days of dory fishing, which thrilled us as youngsters and called for heroes born and bred to the sea, are definitely over. Machinery is beginning to take the place of man power, partly because of the economies involved and partly for scientific reasons. Take the matter of pitchforking the product. It is hard to convince an old salt that this traditional method of handling fish is open to question; but when the freezing-plant bacteriologist, whose job it is to count the bacteria on his company's output and to keep that count at a minimum, finds that every pitchfork hole in a fish is a likely source of infection, his word carries weight.

Out goes pitchforking, in comes semi-automatic conveying machinery, and up goes a tremendous understandable howl from those men on the piers who find themselves out of work.

Much development work will have to be done before a trawler of exactly the right size and speed is built. Most trawlers at present in use are 150 feet long. Why? Because that is the time-honored size. The new trawlers being built are smaller and faster. These boats, spending less time in mere transport than slow boats, can spend more time actually fishing, can make more trips to the banks per year, can land fresher cargoes.

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The trawler steams out to the banks, tosses its net overboard, and drags it along the bottom for from 30 minutes to an hour. The net is then hauled in, emptied of its contents, and thrown back into the water for another fill. Meantime the crew, knee-deep in writhing, gasping fish, is busy sorting, cutting, and gutting anywhere up to 6000 pounds of catch and passing it to the hold, where it is packed in ice. The deck must be cleared before the trawl comes up again.

The matter of packing fish aboard the trawlers is receiving serious attention. Ice is expensive to handle, and its purity is questioned by bacteriologists. Mechanical refrigeration would overcome these difficulties, but a refrigerating plant large enough for the purpose would have to be about as large as the machinery that drives the ship and would require as much fuel.

The radio has proved invaluable in making a big-business proposition out of fishing. Gone are the days when captains went to sea and used their own judgment about the proper time to turn home. Now they send daily reports to headquarters by radio, giving their positions and catches — and turn back when ordered.

In the shore office sits the production manager, with a chart in front of him, on which pins mark the locations of ships in his fleet and figures indicate their contents. He watches the market and orders ships home as he needs them. Not always does he try to anticipate the period of highest price. If his company is engaged in the quick-freezing business as well as in catching, its plant can freeze fish when the price is low and sell when the market is more favorable. At high-price periods it does better by throwing its cargoes directly on the fresh-fish market.

One reason for the violent price fluctuations is that the business has to operate without any inventory. Fishermen have no way of knowing what raw materials will be on hand till the cod and haddock and halibut are actually caught. On the other hand, the fish-eating habits of the nation can be fairly accurately gauged. Fish as well as oysters are eaten principally in the months whose names contain an *r*. Both demand and price reach a high peak in Lent, drop off suddenly at Easter, smolder during the summer months, pick up in September, and then slowly build up to the following Lent.

So important is the Lenten peak that any fisherman who fails to get his catch at that season generally loses money on the year's operation. But even at Lent no special providence reveals to these people where the cod may be found.

Fish have a habit of suddenly leaving a spot where they may have been plentiful for years. Nobody knows why they leave, where they go, or when they may be expected back. The trawlers go blindly in search of them, burning hundreds of tons of coal, paying many hundreds in wages. Alarmists raise their hands in holy horror over the depletion of our marine foods.

Eventually biologists will establish definite relationships between marine life and ocean conditions — currents, temperatures, depths, locations of bottom springs, and so on. Scientists have found that cod and haddock and other food fish seem to have a habit of staying in water of certain depths and between certain ranges of temperature. British trawler captains out of Grimsby and Hull have long made use of the sonic depth finder and the thermometer as the "divining rods" of the fisherman. American captains are slowly beginning to see the value of these instruments, though, with the deep-rooted conservatism of their calling, most of them look with suspicion on new-fangled ideas.

One large company is gradually overcoming this suspicion by sending its captains, one after another, to England. These men, sailing as observers on the Hill and Grimsby boats, have an opportunity to see active and effective use made of strange devices; they return with minds more receptive to scientific innovations.

Let every trawler captain once learn to use the thermometer and the depth finder and to report his readings to the home office, together with catch and position, and the accumulation of a vast amount of scientific data will go hand in hand with the commercial game of harvesting. But even this is not enough. One company, which for the past year has been placing scientific observers on its boats, is now planning to send out one ship fitted purely for research, equipped with laboratories, able to linger wherever necessary and to investigate spots commercial vessels cannot visit because of the cost involved and the risk of catching nothing.

In the fisheries as well as in other industries, big business has at last realized the importance of endowing research in what seems to be abstract knowledge. And research so endowed to fill the needs of commerce never fails to produce economic results.

Work and Fatigue

Condensed from the Scientific American (August, '30)

Donald A. Laird
Director, Colgate Psychological Laboratory

MEN of science visiting an exhibit arranged by the Genetics Department of the Carnegie Institution saw a specially developed race of tireless mice which danced all day long. This was a product of careful breeding. Sir Arthur Keith and Ales Hrdlicka, well-known anthropologists of England and America, see evidence that greater resistance to ordinary fatigue may be biologically developed in the human race.

Meanwhile, in the last ten years a great deal of fatigue has already been eliminated. It is not the invention of labor-saving machinery that is doing most to eliminate fatigue. Such machinery may save the labor of three men, but add to the fatigue of the two men who operate it. The noise and jar and "high speed" attention the new machine demands is often more fatiguing than the brute labor that it is replacing. An invention can be labor saving but fatigue increasing.

Realizing this truism, some years ago the Society of Industrial Engineers organized a special Committee on the Elimination of Unnecessary Fatigue. This committee, to which I have the honor of belonging, serves to stimulate and coördinate the work on the conquest of fatigue in America. It has brought together mechanical engineers, physicists, physiologists, and psychologists on a common battleground for applying their sciences.

Among the general sources of fatigue, the most treacherous and insidious is poor emotional adjustment of the individual. One who is of necessity engaged in work which he does not like, or for which he is otherwise poorly adapted, is especially likely to experience a vague but pernicious fatigue. Monotony is another cause of emotional fatigue. We know that there is no such thing as intrinsically monotonous work; work which is monotonous to one person is fascinating to another, but it is highly important that each individual work at a job which is not monotonous to him.

One of the most interesting aspects of the relation between bodily conditions and fatigue is the chemistry of the fatigue changes brought about by work itself. As physical work is done glycogen is consumed by the

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muscles, with the production of lactic acid and carbon dioxide as residual by-products. The carbon dioxide liberated is gradually breathed off; the lactic acid is produced more rapidly than it can be removed and brings about a definitely toxic condition. This condition may spread to remote parts of the body. Heavy work with the right arm, for example, can readily produce an excess of lactic acid which spreads to the left arm. Working with one arm may thus tire the other arm. No chemical has yet been discovered which will offset these accumulations in the working body.

Since the body itself will attempt valiantly to remove the lactic acid, much excess fatigue has been avoided in industry by the introduction of rest periods so that the chemical factories of the body can remove much of the acid before there is such an excess that there will be the possibility of a serious fatigued state. Girls folding handkerchiefs, for instance, are least fatigued when they fold for five minutes and rest one minute. In heavier work, such as carrying pigs of iron, fatigue is least when each twelve minutes of work is followed by three minutes of rest. It is a paradox of mankind that by resting at the proper times they can do more work with less fatigue.

Another paradox which is a result of the accumulation of lactic acid is that the longer workers are at work the less they accomplish. Workers who have been engaged in work eight hours a day, for example, when put on overtime which requires ten hours work a day, will do less after two weeks in ten hours than they formerly did in eight hours. The extra two hours work is doubly pernicious in adding to the total production of the acid, and subtracting from the rest hours during which the accumulation can be overcome.

Poor environment also increases fatigue. Inadequate lighting in a factory causes not only eye fatigue, but muscular fatigue due to increased tension of the muscles. When the temperature goes above 68 degrees Fahrenheit, fatigue is abnormally increased, unless the cooling power of the air is increased by being set in motion. Within the past year or two another cause of indirect fatigue has been stalked out into the open—noise. Scarcely a new office or factory is designed now without noise control being given thoughtful consideration.

The three general causes of fatigue—poor emotional adjustment, bodily condition, and environmental forces—have been discovered and worked out, largely by men of science outside of industry. The fourth general

cause has been attacked largely from within industry itself.

This fourth cause is fatiguing methods of work. Research on this source of loss received its impetus from an effort to increase output rather than directly to reduce fatigue. The last decade, however, has witnessed a shift in the approach, because it has been demonstrated thoroughly that the greatest output is achieved when the methods of working are least fatiguing. So, in place of trying directly to reach greater output per worker, the approach now is to reduce all possible fatigue in methods.

So much of the work that has been done to make working intrinsically easier is so simple and obvious that it reflects little credit to the human mind that this has not been done years ago. Take, for example, the small metal stand on which hot irons are placed in the laundry to keep cloth from being scorched. It has not been unusual for these stands to be six inches in height. Lifting a five-pound iron to this height an average of 60 times an hour constitutes 150 foot-pounds of work. Today iron racks scarcely an inch high and sloping gently toward the point are in use, so that the iron is simply slid on to the rack.

In tin-plate and sheet-steel manufacture human effort is being diminished, more perhaps in American than in English mills. In feeding the heavy bars or plates to the rollers which flatten them gradually into sheet form English workers have to lift them from two to three feet. The rolls are conventionally several inches lower in American mills, and thousands of horsepower of human energy are saved daily through this difference of a few inches. An inclined runway with freely idling rollers is now being adopted to bring the sheets or bars to the powered rollers by sliding rather than lifting.

Lifting, stretching, bending, stooping, sitting all day, standing all day, produce fatigue rather than effective work, and they are being eliminated with amazing rapidity in modern industry. Special departments are being established in large work-places to train new workers how to work most effectively with least waste fatigue.

One does not have to be a carping critic to notice that the general pace of life is getting more severe during man's leisure, but one does not have to be a blind optimist to discover that the work of the world is rapidly becoming less fatiguing. Whether the diminished human strain incidental to the work of the world will compensate for the increased strain during man's idle moments, is a question I can not answer, but is of grave significance.

Gandhi and India's "Untouchables"

Condensed from Current History (August, '30)

Katherine Mayo
Author of "Mother India"

IN British India every fourth person is a slave, held in a system which an eminent Indian Muslim describes as "one of the most terrible engines of tyranny and oppression which human ingenuity and selfishness can invent."

By this device — "Untouchability" — over 60,000,000 British Indian subjects are denied all social rights, including such elementals as access to the public water supply, for they are believed to convey pollution by touch, by approach, sometimes even by visibility; they are forbidden any calling save those deemed shameful, and are barred from the hope of making their children happier than themselves.

"Untouchability," so the Hindu code teaches, is incurred by sin. For example, the man who kills a Brahman, after myriads of reincarnations upon earth in unclean insect form, will eventually be born an Untouchable. As Untouchable, through thousands of rebirths he must expiate in degradation, want and pain, the crime of which his mind retains no memory but the conclusive proof of which lies in his birth. By implanting and maintaining this lethal idea in the minds of both exploited and exploiter, Hinduism has atrophied the very manhood of its prey, producing today 60,000,000 creatures in human shape, most of whom submit to regard themselves as no better than crawling worms — and this for the sole profit of the upper classes.

Gandhi has long denounced this system. "Untouchability," he writes, "is a snake with a thousand mouths through each of which it shows its poisonous fangs." To the present writer (March 17, 1926) he declared: "Untouchability is for me more insufferable than British rule," thereby recalling such of his earlier assertions as: "We shall be unfit to gain Swaraj [Home rule] as long as we would keep in bondage a fifth of the population of Hindustan;" also "it is a reform not to follow Swaraj but to precede it." (*Freedom's Battle*, Mahatma Gandhi.)

But Gandhi's vehement outcry over all the years has borne small fruit. It has created only ripples on the deep, still ocean of Hindu custom. When, however, turning from his Hindu audience, Gandhi has addressed the Un-

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touchables themselves, his tone has changed. Now no longer the reformer but the politician, he looks to the future, and invites no dangerous upheaval of the ground beneath his feet. His counsel of quietism and submission can have brought them little more than sheer despair. He has said to them, in effect, "Continue quietly in that calling (scavenging) to which you and your fathers were born, and rest in the hope that somehow, sometime, a spontaneous change of attitude toward you may develop in the Hindu mentality. Meantime, venerate the Hindu religion and help me and my Swarajists to rid India of the Satanic British Government."

Considerably earlier, however, than Gandhi's adoption of "Untouchability" as a talking point, two active influences, each of the steady, plodding type, had begun affecting the situation. The first of these was — and is — the reclamation work of the Christian missionaries. A large majority of the 5,000,000 present-day Indian Christians are Untouchable in origin. Too much credit can scarcely be given to the devoted mission workers who have plunged into mud waist deep and set their shoulders to the burden of the slaves. Our liberal tenet that it savors of impudence to urge upon alien non-Christian peoples our own religious views is, to the Untouchables at least, as useful as a chestnut roaster in hell. To quote the recent words of an eminent Indian Muslim, for the Untouchable millions "there is no . . . emancipation from the bondage and thraldom of the crushing yoke of birth and the inexorable law of Karma, so long as their belief in the Hindu religion remains unshaken."

The second influence has been British justice. Bound by the old official pledge not to interfere in the religious beliefs of the Indian peoples, the Government of India has refrained from bringing force to the rescue, and it was not until 1919 that it actually gave the "Depressed Classes," euphemistically so termed, some slight measure of representation in Indian legislative bodies. But wherever the equal rights of the Untouchable as a human being and a fellow subject have rested for recognition on the free act of either a British judge or a British official, those rights — so the Untouchable persistently declares — have been honored and defended.

The result of these two influences upon the Untouchable is a slowly increasing restlessness under the Hindu yoke, and an obstinate loyalty to the best, if not the only, friends that history has brought him.

When, in 1928, the Simon Commission arrived in India and

was boycotted by Gandhi's Swarajists, the chief official spokesman of the whole Untouchable body declared on the floor of the Legislative Assembly in Delhi:

> We welcome this commission. We feel that there is a possibility of its proving a blessing to us. We feel that a mixed commission would have been suicidal from our point of view. You [Hindus] will not face realities. You know full well that the depressed classes cannot accept the humiliating position they are in and yet you expect them to join you in boycotting the Simon Commission . . . We shall go before the Simon Commission to place our case frankly . . .

But Gandhi, having long considered the Untouchables as his special protégés, can hardly persuade himself that the situation has changed. "Look," he cries,

> . . . at the shameless manner in which, for sustaining the spoliation of India, British statesmen (?) are setting one party against another. They have suddenly discovered the "Untouchables," for they seem to fear that the Hindu-Muslim dissensions alone might not prove security enough for retaining possession of the "most glorious diadem in the British crown."

When Gandhi launched his present attack on the government, Untouchable representatives issued a signed manifesto in part as follows:

> In view of the fact that Mr. Gandhi, the Dictator of the Indian National Congress, has declared a civil disobedience movement before doing his utmost to secure . . . complete removal of Untouchability, it is decided to organize the Indian National Anti-Revolutionary party . . . The party will regard British rule as absolutely necessary until complete removal of Untouchability and the overthrow of the school of chaturvarna (caste division).

The first step of the new party was to dispatch a large deputation to Gandhi, over 200 miles away. Finding him already arrived at Dandi, on the seashore, they called upon him to support their cause. They demanded that until that cause should have prevailed he forego his war on Britain. Gandhi refused their plea. They then very clearly informed him that he must reckon the Untouchables as against him; that they would oppose any diminution of British control.

Of this struggle to free the Untouchables we are likely to hear little. The "less than dogs" have no press, and for our platform entertainment their cause is too caked with dirt and sweat to support the necessary veneer of mystery and romance. They are only a vast, unorganized mass of slaves, tragically lacking a Moses to lead them. That, here and there, a group should rebel is almost a miracle, in view of the mental narcotic with which they have so long been drugged.

Making Whoopee with the Soviets

Condensed from New York Herald Tribune Magazine (June 29, '30)

Ben James

WHOOPEE for whoopee's sake is taboo in modern Russia. Although the masses have greater facilities for amusement and more opportunity to make use of them than they ever had under the Czar, there is no fun without a purpose. The regulation and promotion of entertainment is in the hands of the Commissar of Education, Lunarcharsky.

He has declared the fox trot and similar dances evidences of a decadent civilization. Other forms of dancing, however, are fostered by the state. Any steps that can be done in groups serve the triple purpose of recreation, physical culture and the development of a collective psychology. Esthetic dances and ballets of a sort are taught in trade union clubs and schools as part of the physical training course. Peasant's clubs and community centers in the country districts are still the scene of their folk dances.

Though the games played at the clubs are not always exciting, they are as loaded with motives as play in a kindergarten. A favorite type of contest is one that involves knowledge of a special sort valuable to the nation. One popular game of this kind requires elaborate equipment. A complete picture of a machine gun and all of its divisions is painted on a huge board. The separate parts of the gun are marked with metal buttons, and along the side in a column are listed the names of every segment, with a metal button after each word. Across the top of the plaque are two rows of electric lights.

Teams made up of both men and women are chosen. A leader with an electrically-wired pointer touches the button on a particular segment of the gun. The player tries to point to the correct name of the part indicated with another wired rod. If he succeeds a circuit is established and as a reward a light flashes for his side. When one side, has set burning all the lights it can, the opposite group then goes through the same routine, and the team having the largest number of lighted bulbs wins. As the correctness is recorded electrically, no expert is needed to conduct the contest.

There are other devices of this sort where a rifle, a gasoline motor or a dynamo are employed as subject matter.

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In addition to games, basketball courts, radios and lecture halls, the average clubhouse is equipped with a library of some description. Reports for 1929 show more books bought in Russia, despite the high rate of illiteracy, than in the United States. American fiction is more widely read than that of any other foreign country. Jack London ranks first in general appeal to the workers, James Oliver Curwood second, and Upton Sinclair third in favor. Among the clerical and intellectual workers, Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, John Dos Passos, O. Henry and Edna Ferber all find a large reading public. Maxim Gorky is the most popular contemporary writer, and Tolstoy the most popular of all. Fifteen percent of all books read are on technical subjects.

Oftentimes when the worker walks in the park he will come across small wandering bands that play popular selections with no propaganda value. The workers gather for a bit of entertainment free of educative stigma. But once a suitable number are listening, the music stops, a speaker hops upon a box, and those who came for song find themselves listening to a four-minute speech upon some subject related to their welfare. I have heard such lecturers talk on keeping windows open in the bedroom, the necessity of bathing at least once a week, the health advantages of drinking ten glasses of water daily, and weird tales of capitalist oppressions in the Far East.

The government takes particular interest in the development of athletics and correlates the work with army training. Football (introduced into Russia at the time of the Czars with some difficulty, since the police could see no sense to the game unless it was to train young men to throw bombs) is now one of the most popular sports. Basketball is another leading game. Since both of these give ample chance for the teamwork so essential to the development of collectivist psychology and furnish excellent physical conditioning, they are encouraged more than tennis, which brings two people into direct competition and threatens to establish individualistic viewpoints.

Though prizefighting smacks strongly of individualism, it is made an orthodox red sport by a metaphysical interpretation. For in theory the Caucasian raging in the ring is not an angry individual battling a dangerous personal opponent for personal glory. He is but demonstrating the heights of physical condition and muscular control which his sports club in the south has attained. And the Leningrad battler cuts

open the Caucasian's eye only by way of indicating the preciseness, strength and general good health of his associates at home. If he wins, the group, not he, will be victorious.

Cheering by the audience is out of order, as it might inflate the fighter's ego, causing it to soar dangerously far above the mass and so dull the joy of collective accomplishment. Then too, shouting by the spectators is regarded in poor taste because it infers the vicarious pleasure that only bourgeoisie are presumed to experience at witnessing a primitive combat between two individuals.

The "movies" have taken on a heavy burden of entertainment and propaganda. This latter has been carried to such extremes that loyal workers' councils have petitioned for a let-up of pictures with a purpose, not that they object to the doctrines taught, but that the amusement value of the film is reaching the zero point.

The love interest in pictures is always subordinated to the character's obligation to the state and his trade union. I saw only one picture, "The Birth of a Man," that was built completely around a love interest. It told the story of a party member who still harbored what the Soviets term "bourjui ideas" concerning his wife's obligations to him. When he learns he is not the father of her child he sulks and chides her until she attempts suicide, from which he saves her. He asks her forgiveness, and the picture comes to a happy communist ending, with the child gurgling in a public nursery while the mother and her husband return to the whirling steel wheels of industry, happy at serving their state by efficient labor.

The cinema theaters in the rural districts show an increase of 508 percent in three years.

Radio, from one broadcasting station in 1924, has expanded to 67. Last year there were 326,000 radio receiving sets — an insignificant number compared to the millions in the United States. But this figure does not accurately reflect the number of hearers, as most sets are installed in workers' clubs, factories, schools and apartment houses where hundreds listen in. Moscow will soon be broadcasting two complete news services daily — each one graded for peasants, workers and children — to every part of the vast country.

So the new Russians play more intensely than any other people, but from much of their fun the old spirit is gone. The people are like small boys dragged from a great game of cowboy and Indian with only the limits of their imagination bounding their fun, and set at the formal games of the school grounds.

What Does the Census Show?

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (August, '30)

Howard Florance
Managing Editor, The Review of Reviews

ONCE in every ten years Uncle Sam sets a day apart to take stock of his growing family. His family, indeed, has expanded from less than four millions, when the first census was taken in 1790, to more than 124 millions.

It is not idle curiosity that prompts this decennial count. Every question asked by the enumerator yields a hundred answers sought by educators, sociologists, economists, and lawmakers. This year a series of questions asked of the unemployed will be especially illuminating.

A preliminary analysis of the returns, covering a fourth of the country, indicated that about 2,300,000 persons who wished work were without it last April. Unemployment in cities averaged three percent of the total population; in counties it was just half that rate. Still later, on July 10, Census Bureau tabulations were announced that covered 15 states — north, east, south and west. For every thousand persons, 18 were out of work. It must be remembered that the thousand persons includes aged and infants.

Primarily, however, the purpose of a census is to determine the number of Representatives in Congress from each of the states. The Senate's membership is equal, with Nevada's 90,000 souls standing there on even terms with 12,000,000 persons in New York. But membership in the House is based upon population. It was so provided in the Constitution. Every census, until the one taken ten years ago, was followed by a reapportionment of seats in the House. The number of Representatives grew from 105 to 435. Each new apportionment in those years merely meant the giving of more seats to states which had grown in population. To keep the number of Representatives at 435, and yet recognize the shifting of population disclosed by the census of 1920, meant that some states must lose a seat or two. There was the rub. The reapportionment bill that followed the 1920 census proposed to legislate 12 Congressmen out of office. Yet the house passed such a bill, the Senate refusing to act. For nearly ten years Congress thus ignored the Constitution. It was not until June of last year that a bill was passed for

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reapportionment — to be made after the census of 1930.

The census of 1930 has already served to indicate that reapportionment of seats in the House must be far more radical than had been expected. As a result of the 1920 count, California's 11 Representatives were to be increased to 14; now the figures indicate that the Golden State may have 20 Representatives in Congress. Twelfth in rank in 1910, California became eighth in 1920, and now passes both Michigan and Massachusetts to take sixth place among the states. One group of five agricultural states just west of the Mississippi, and another group of four east of that river and south of the Ohio, will lose 14 Congressmen. Those 14 seats, and some others besides, will go to new districts in the cities of California, Michigan, Ohio, Texas, and New Jersey.

It is in this continued transfer of the balance of power from farm to city that the real political reaction resulting from a new census count will be found. It may happen that a state's quota of seats in Congress will not be changed. Yet within the same state the shifting may be quite extraordinary. New York State, for example, may keep its 43 Congressmen. But the changing of the borders of the Congressional districts, which is bound to follow, will find the white-collared residential suburbs of New York City entitled to half a dozen more members in the House. Brooklyn, Queens, and the Bronx — three of the five boroughs of New York City — have grown in population in ten years by the unbelievable total of 1,663,000. These new residents within the metropolis exceed the total population of the six states of Nevada, Wyoming, Arizona, New Mexico, Delaware, and Vermont. They are entitled to representation in Congress and cannot longer be denied.

More absorbing by far, in recent weeks, than the political aspects of our 15th decennial count has been the rivalry among the cities. Los Angeles, mixing oil wells and motion pictures with a glorious climate, becomes the fifth largest city in the United States, jumping over the heads of Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Boston, St. Louis, and Cleveland. New York's return officially reported that 6,962,200 persons live within the city limits, a gain of 1,342,152 in ten years. Chicago had no difficulty in maintaining second place. Its growth in ten years was approximately 25 percent, bringing the present population to 3,373,753. The Chicago return, like that of New York, becomes of extraordinary interest when inspected in the light of racial and national groups. There are more than 400,000 Poles in Chicago, for example, 350,000

Germans, 175,000 Irish, 165,000 Swedes, 150,000 Italians, and 150,000 Czechoslovakians. The Negro population, now more than 200,000, has doubled since 1920. Cleveland is pushed back into sixth place by the performance of Los Angeles. Baltimore, passing Boston, marks the only other change among the first ten cities.

The movement from farm to city, about which one hears so much, is not wholly apparent in census figures. Our rural population (meaning those who live in communities of 2500 or less) was 45 million in 1900, 49 million in 1910, and 51 million in 1920. But meanwhile the number of city folks grew from 30 million in 1900, and 42 million in 1910, to 54 million in 1920. This year's figures are not yet complete, but it is plain that the trend remains the same. The percentage has approximately reversed itself in 20 years. In 1900 only 40 percent of Uncle Sam's children lived in cities; now about 60 percent do. Possibly, for the first time, this census will show a declining rural population.

Every one of New England's six states shows progress, and the whole region has ten persons now for every nine found in the previous count. Rhode Island, smallest of all states, takes a definite step forward in rank; it passes North Dakota, and possibly South Dakota as well.

The Census Bureau has grown from a transient affair to a branch of the Government employing more than 900 persons permanently and as many as 120,000 persons during an enumeration. The real meat of the census will be forthcoming at intervals for several years. The printed record will fill many large volumes — statistical, of course, but absorbingly interesting and immensely valuable.

Suppose you live in Texas. The questions asked by Uncle Sam's Texas enumerators in April will ultimately be reflected in a combined Texas supplement. You will find every line of that supplement telling you a new fact about your neighbors. How old are they, by groups, in what state or foreign country were they born, what is their mother tongue, can the children and their parents read and write? Tables tell how many Texans came from Virginia or New York or Czechoslovakia; how many Texan-born have moved to the effete East; how many are unmarried, divorced; how long do children of Texas parents go to school compared with those of foreign birth; how many foreign born have taken out citizenship papers? The combinations of facts yielded by a simple questionnaire seem to be unlimited. It cost 40 millions to do the job. Let us make the most of it.

Ivar Kreuger

Condensed from The Mentor-World Traveler (August, '30)

Naboth Hedin

IN STOCKHOLM one finds as much curiosity about Ivar Kreuger as in New York or Paris. Though his name is on every tongue and constantly in European newspaper headlines, only a few of his compatriots know him by sight. They know the location of the head office of the great industrial organization he founded and expanded to a world power — the Swedish Match Company, but they are very hazy about where he lives, or what he looks like.

To Americans, who keep close track of their pet Crœsuses, this must seem extraordinary. Here is a man who has, people say, the greatest fortune in the world next to Mr. Ford and the John D. Rockefellers. In the number and divergent scope of his interests he outruns them all. And he has just turned 50. The bulk of his wealth has poured in since the war. Yet Mr. Kreuger has no personal public relations counsel, and never could be persuaded to have one. Newspapers have on file a single picture of Sweden's favorite son. It is a poor one at that — an old passport picture.

Mr. Kreuger's movements as he travels about on business and pleasure are always quiet and unostentatious. He attends neither public banquets nor royal levees; holds no honorary offices, never appears on the list of contributors to fashionable charities. What he gives, he gives in secret. A story is told in Stockholm about a banker who once telephoned Mr. Kreuger a proposal to share with him the losses of a prominent business man who had failed, the banker's purpose being to avoid disturbing public credit. The reply was, "No, thank you, I won't go in with you. I prefer to take care of Mr. Blank's losses myself."

Though a handsome man, tall, well-built, well-groomed, with a face and figure an actor might envy, the world's richest bachelor has escaped all the matrimonial nets set for him in his own country and in the gay capitals he visits.

One of his confirmed social eccentricities is his disinclination to dine out. Invariably he entertains in his own home be that where it may. Though he finances governments and is a trusted consultant to statesmen and kings, he declines all decorations offered him.

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. He has never allowed his personality to be used as publicity material in the promotion of his widespread undertakings. And yet most of his stock is sold to small investors, who must place their confidence chiefly in his character and personal judgment. He has, therefore, every reason to dramatize himself as part of his business program, but he prefers to keep silent.

But in spite of this personal self-effacement, Mr. Kreuger is not a recluse or a cold-blooded adding machine. Last summer I met in Stockholm an American writer who had been invited to meet Mr. Kreuger, on condition that he was not to quote him in print.

"What did you talk about?" I asked.

"Music," was the slightly baffled response. "Would you believe it, that man has seen every musical show and comic opera produced in New York since I was a kid."

Mr. Kreuger comes to New York at least once a year, and manages to see everything interesting on Broadway, including grand opera. His presence goes unnoticed, as it does in Paris, Berlin, Warsaw or London, where he also spends a few weeks of each year.

When he travels he likes speed, and occasionally in Stockholm a high-powered motor car flashing by will be identified as "Kreuger's."

How is it possible, someone may ask, for the founder of one of the gigantic business enterprises of all time, the organizer of over 200 stock companies and lender to governments to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars, to have a life of quiet and tranquillity and elude the public gaze.

I suppose the answer is, he takes the utmost care in selecting his aides, and, having once chosen them, gives them his confidence. He stated last spring that so far as he knew no one had ever been discharged from the Swedish Match Company in the 17 years he had been connected with it, and that no one had left its service except women workers who had given up their positions to marry. While final authority remains in his own hands, all executive details are left to subordinates. Not more than half a dozen letters a day require Mr. Kreuger's personal attention; unlike other international financiers he finds it unnecessary to travel with a staff of secretaries. In fact, he is often alone.

His principal investments are in matches, iron ore, pulp, real estate, and to some extent telephones and other commodities of lasting quality which are commonly in use. He has avoided enterprises that require his man-

agement, excepting only matches. His personal representatives, stationed in various parts of the world, are often old schoolmates whom he trusts implicitly.

His personal habits are simple. Unlike most Swedes, he avoids meats and all heavy foods. He smokes cigarettes moderately, and there is an oft-repeated story that he never carries a match. By education and training he is a civil engineer, specializing in reinforced concrete construction, which he learned in the United States. As a boy he was known as a wizard at mathematics and got his degree at the Royal Swedish Institute of Technology very young.

Before returning home this summer from the United States, Mr. Kreuger journeyed alone one day to Syracuse to receive a degree from the university, bestowed in recognition of his having directed the construction of the Archbold Stadium, 23 years ago. "No hawk-eyed bodyguards shadowed him. No entourage accompanied him, there were no trunks, no limousines," commented the local newspapers, in astonishment at the simplicity of the man who controls three-quarters of the match manufacturing business of the world — "just an unassuming, soft-spoken man of decidedly Nordic type, who went his way with an utter lack of bustle or stir, and who smiled politely but unencouragingly at inquiring reporters." When the chancellor of the university called at the hotel, Mr. Kreuger's rooms were empty. He had gone unattended to the campus. After the degree had been conferred he went to the station and quietly departed.

Invariably Mr. Kreuger wishes all that coöperate with him to share generously. Sometimes he gives away what seems to be an unnecessarily large share of his profits, not only to his big men, but to his small shareholders. To those that follow him in financial enterprises he is a wonder-working magician with a golden touch.

Kreuger does everything in a princely manner, but without ostentation. Upon one occasion he met some charming American women at a luncheon in Stockholm. The spring had been late and cold, and the Americans bemoaned the absence of flowers on the countryside. Kreuger invited them to one of his country places to tea. When they arrived they found the path to the house lined with rosebushes in bloom. Between luncheon and teatime he had ransacked Stockholm's hothouses in order to gratify the desire of his foreign guests. — *The Saturday Evening Post.*

The Size and Price of Books

Condensed from the Fortnightly Review (London) (July 1, '30)

Frank Swinnerton
English author and critic

EVERY now and then somebody — it is generally an author who has had no experience of publishing — cries out that books are too dear. He says that if they were cheaper they would sell better. He calls for paper covers, lavish advertising, and greater enterprise on the part of publishers. He feels that publishers are (a) profiteers, and (b) incompetents. As an author whose life has been spent publishing, I want to show that publishers are not profiteers and that even their incompetence is exaggerated. They are engaged in a calling that is very difficult and highly competitive.

An author plans to write a book — not a novel, let us say, but one of those books which are known, except to novelists, as "serious." He usually takes his book to his literary agent, who knows what publishers are likely to consider it and what are the prices ruling for this class of book. He also knows (but does not tell the author) what is thought and said of the author in publishing circles. He says, naming a publisher, "This is a Tompkins book," or "This is a Wiggs book."

If Messrs. Tompkins wish to publish the book, the next question to arise will be what payment the author must have in advance upon account of such royalties as the book may expect to earn. The publisher, if left to himself, would prefer to make no advance payment; but he is in a minority on the point, and he will pay.

Suppose the agent has boldly asked for an advance of 1000 pounds, none of which is returnable, whatever the sale of the book. The publisher considers other financial matters. The cost of illustrations is set down. There will follow the cost of composing the book in type, the cost of paper, the cost of printing. An estimate of so much for corrections made in the type by the author, an estimate of so much for binding, for dust cover, for a minimum amount of advertising; and an allowance of anything from 22 to 30 percent more for "overhead expenses," such as salaries, rent, packing, postages, lighting, heating, etc. The total will be formidable.

With these figures roughly grouped, the publisher will be in a position to realize that he is unlikely to make any profit upon the transaction. But publishers are

optimists. Otherwise they would instantly go out of business.

Let us suppose that this "serious" work is a biography. The author has new material, private letters, and the like. The book may be important, but not of universal interest. It is safe to suppose that such a book will be sold almost entirely to the select circulating libraries. The English are in the habit of borrowing books of this kind. If the book were published in paper covers, it would sink without a trace. Nobody would regard it as of any significance. And nobody would make any money out of it. Many thousands of people would be content with what they read of it in their newspapers.

It is clear to the publisher that such a book cannot be a small one. He might wish it to be small and lovely; but his wish counts for nothing. It must be large. It must look its price. Such books are only bought in England as gifts. The customers know nothing of costs: all they know is that they are giving the book as a present, and that unless it is large and fat it will not seem to the recipient much of a present. The recipient will say "Oh, what a da-ahling little book!" But the recipient will feel that the book is *rather small*. The publisher is governed by the law of stupidity which causes all purchasers to look for the big apple, the big-hearted cabbage, the big joint, and the big book. If a book is small it *must* be cheap.

The booksellers and libraries represent the upper millstone and the manufacturers the nether millstone between which the publisher leads his uneasy life. Authors and critics are merely gadflies who assail exposed and uncrushed portions of his anatomy. Between the manufacturers of books, with scale prices, and the librarians and booksellers with their trade discounts, the publisher is hard put to it to snatch a profit.

I think it is probably true that 75 percent of the books published each year involve their publishers either in losses or in profits so small as to be noticeable only in bulk. This being the case, it cannot be wondered at that the author who sells 10,000 copies at 15 shillings is much admired in the publishing trade; while the author who sells 50,000 copies at that price rouses the whole trade to ecstacy.

Novels are supposed by the uninitiated to sell in millions. Some of them actually sell in thousands. Others do not. It is safer to calculate in hundreds. A first novel that sells over 1000 copies is a success. Any novel that sells 5000 copies is a great success. A novel that sells 10,000 copies is seen everywhere, even by the author's friends. As for a

novel that sells 100,000 copies, that is a miracle.

Nor, for the publisher, is the best-seller an unmixed blessing. In itself, it is an intoxication, and of course the dream of all; but it produces in turn an intoxication in the author which is fraught with peril to the publisher. At the news that he is a best-seller, an author's mouth opens wide. His head swells. He begins to place himself at the head of all authors whatever. He becomes an extremely bumptious and unpleasant person, a nuisance to all. And his next book will be bidden for by all publishers. There is no bribery — almost every publisher in the world hates (he will tell you) the thought of poaching authors from other firms; — but there is a hope, a pressure, a confidence, that amounts to an offer of larger profits. Every publisher is bound either to compete with his rivals or to sacrifice his successes as soon as they are made.

If so many books are failures, and if the successes are so exploited by the authors and their agents, how do publishers live? The profits upon a successful book are often very large indeed. They are large enough to pay for the losses upon many unsuccessful books. They have to be; for the publisher charges the same price for that book which sells 500 copies as he charges for the book which sells 50,000 copies. And the cost of setting up a book in type is the same whether ten copies or 100,000 copies are printed.

The sizes of books are dictated by popular stupidity, combined with the publisher's fear of the risky experiment. The prices of books are dictated by the heavy costs and small sales, on the one side, and by large discounts to the libraries and booksellers upon the other. Authors, printers, stationers, clerks, packers, travelers, binders, booksellers, and librarians must live; and the publisher represents the link between all these people. He has no grievance against the others; but he sometimes wonders, I believe, why he is so often described as rapacious, when his first anxiety is that of continued solvency. When he makes a fortune, as he sometimes does, it is because his successes have outnumbered his failures over a period of years. When he fails, there are so many eager to take his place that few notice his absorption into some wholesale organization for the manufacture of books.

The Consumer and the Medicine Cabinet

Condensed from Journal of Home Economics (July, '30)

T. Swann Harding

Chemist; and editor of scientific publications, United States Department of Agriculture

A few years ago it was quite possible for a woman to purchase innocently a soothing syrup for her child which contained morphine, kidney pills for her husband which contained a chemical kidney irritant, and a "female remedy" for herself which was charged with alcohol to the exhilaration point. Today her situation has vastly improved because the Food and Drug Administration of the Department of Agriculture goes far to make her purchases less likely to prove fraudulent. The content of things like morphine and alcohol must be stated on the labels of drug packages, for one thing; for another, the more treacherous forms of patent medicine have been driven from our markets. They are kept off the market, however, only by a policy of eternal vigilance.

This does not mean that the Food and Drug Law deprecates self-medication *per se*. So long as a drug product does not contain false or deceitful statements on its label, which includes untruthful claims as to its efficacy, it may be sold; and self-medication is not attacked in principle. Nor does the law prohibit the sale of a drug merely because it is harmful. Practically all drugs are potentially harmful.

It is obvious, also, that large fortunes are made by manufacturers who dose us with useless or impotent remedies for diseases that are probably predominantly imaginary. The very fact that human beings manage to get along so admirably in certain countries, of which Sweden is one, without this formidable arsenal of proprietary remedies so characteristic of our drug stores, argues that most of these products are superfluous. That is neither here nor there to the Food and Drug Law which simply says that the label must be honest.

The standard of judgment as to that honesty is the United States Pharmacopiœa or the National Formulary. The Food and Drug Administration cannot quibble over this standard. These authorities are revised decennially and are kept as nearly up to date as is humanly possible. If a drug product bears a name listed in these volumes, it must test up to their standard. It may, however, differ from that standard if it clearly states the nature of this difference on its label.

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It may even set up its own standard, by such declaration on the label.

Suppose, however, some remedy comes out which cannot be found in these texts. Before legal action is taken recourse must be had to modern medical opinion. If the remedy is homeopathic, the opinion sought is homeopathic. The Administration does not take action upon the opinion of the scientists employed by it. It feels that before action is taken its stand must be capable of winning the support of impartial outside experts. This process of discovering modern medical opinion, of seeking to give due weight to conflicting schools, and of arriving at a just decision is obviously a long and arduous one. It involves consulting standard texts on the subject and writing to outstanding authorities in different parts of the country and carefully weighing such information. No less difficult process would prove satisfactory in the long run, and it must always be remembered that human ingenuity in devising new frauds can normally outdistance the orderly processes of logic and science in authoritatively disproving the claims of the old ones.

Since only one cent per capita is expended annually in the enforcement of the Food and Drug Law, it is perfectly obvious that every single infraction of the law cannot be followed up. If a choice must be made between a fraudulent bunion "remover" and a "cure" for tuberculosis, the Administration will attack the latter first. Hence, it is to be remembered that the presence on the market of certain minor frauds is, from time to time, to be expected.

Again, there is the limitation of the law as to subject matter. It does not, for instance, cover cosmetics. It is not concerned with hair removers and beauty clays. Cosmetics, however, labeled with curative claims thereby automatically become drugs within the definition of the law and must conduct themselves accordingly. When a concern starts to manufacture a salad dressing which contains mineral oil, the law regards this product as a drug and expects it to conform to drug standards in its labeling. We are likely to forget that brans and irradiated cereals are really drugs, too, and not properly foods for all and sundry to eat, but the advertisements and the august privately managed food and drug councils which deal with such things in an extra-legal and unscientific way would never lead the poor consumer to think so.

Finally, the law controls statements on the label of the original package or in advertising matter which is distributed as an integral

part of that package, but it has no control over newspaper, magazine, radio, billboard or other advertising so far as claims for therapeutic effects are concerned. Consumers must learn to read the labels, for whatsoever may be said by the manufacturer elsewhere, in a less ethical phase of his publicity, the statements on the label must be true.

Every time the Food and Drug Administration takes summary action against a group of remedies, basing that action upon the assured findings of science, rich pharmaceutical manufacturers take umbrage and threaten battle. They demand that enforcement methods be changed, or that certain more active officials be forced to resign, or that the law be emasculated in order to permit them to continue a profitable trade founded upon human gullibility.

Drug Markets in June, 1929, wanted efficient enforcement stopped summarily and suggested that druggists and pharmaceutical manufacturers get together and demand less stringent enforcement of the law. The *Journal of the Association of Retail Druggists* suggested on August 8, 1929, that such "encroachment on legitimate business" should cease. While the department may be guided by medical opinion in its acts, argued the editorial writer, the actual sales value of a remedy over the counter is, after all, the truest scientific test of its therapeutic value. This means, of course, that carrying a potato in your pocket will cure rheumatism if the public can be persuaded to begin buying potatoes specifically recommended for this purpose. In *Standard Remedies*, Colonel Frank Knox came out belligerently against any efforts to apply the labeling provision of the Food and Drug Act to advertising, saying censorship would be "un-American" and declaring that if food, drug, and tobacco advertising were compelled to adhere to scientific truth, this would result in the downfall of American institutions and the disintegration of the national fiber because it would "run counter to the tide of American ideals."

This always indicates that the law has been too drastically uncomfortable for those who grow rich on the credulity of men, and that only eternal vigilance on the part of an intelligent public can keep the law intact, strengthen its powers where possible, and produce really efficient enforcement.

Hornswoggling the Unemployed

Condensed from The New Freeman (August 6, '30)

Nels Anderson
Editorial writer, St. Louis Times

AT a very early age I began to learn about employment agents. Another lad and I concluded we wanted to go somewhere. We wandered down on West Madison Street in Chicago where the colored placards of the labor agencies line the sidewalks. That was one of the banner years; all the jobs were free, and the rides thrown in. It was like walking around a Christmas tree trying to decide what to pick off. We finally took the job with the longest ride west, a mule-driving job in Montana. That night, along with a number of street boys and denizens of West Madison Street, we were loaded on a west-bound passenger train. Out in Iowa somewhere my friend and I missed the train. We managed somehow a few days later to reach Minneapolis. There we found more labor agencies, more free jobs, and free rides to the heart of the West.

In the years that followed I had many contacts with labor agents. One time I contrived to make it from Ogden, Utah, to Chicago in three shipments. A month later when I wanted to return I walked into a Detroit agency and for $14 got sent to a job in Wyoming.

Those rosy seasons when jobs hunt the man, belong to the past. Then the employment agent was a scout for the employer; hauling men in, signing them up, and shipping them out. There were lulls in the market when the men came begging for jobs, and then the labor agent would take his hand out of the pocket of the boss and collect from the workers. With recent years the good seasons have shortened and finally disappeared. Since this transition the employment agent has changed from a scout rounding up workers for the boss, to a trader selling jobs to the workers. He is still the man-catcher but in the lore of labor he has become the "shark." He lives by selling jobs. If there are no jobs to sell, he still has to live, and grim necessity forces him into every sort of subterfuge, even to out-and-out deception. In these hard breadline winters such as we have just lived through, the stories come in from all quarters; the complaints pile up. What is licensed as a business has become a racket.

A man hires out to work in a Jersey dairy, but when he arrives he learns that no such dairy exists. Twenty men meet at the

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station to go out on an excavation. The contractor's truck never appears. They return to the agent. He is outraged in their behalf. He 'phones, abusing the contractor. He stalls them off. And then stalls them some more. They never get their money back. A cook ships to a Vermont summer resort, but when he gets there he finds that three other agencies have also sent cooks for the same position. Twenty girls hire out as waitresses in a seaside hotel. They pay for an all-summer job. They are told that they really were hired as extras for a week-end convention. Moreover, the pay is so small that they must resort to passing the plate for tips. Of course 20 girls can go back and demand justice, but they don't stick together; besides, most of them have lost their receipts. Those who have their receipts don't have the time and money necessary to go through the legal red tape of recovering their fees. Justice in the courts is too much of a luxury for the patrons of labor agencies. Knowing this, the agencies carry on with impunity a business that can be as shady as the individual conscience will permit.

In nearly every State there is plenty of law for the man with a job, but precious little, except the vagrancy code, for the man without a job. In no State is there any easy way for the worker to get redress against the employment shark. As a rule the best he can do is recover part of his fee. The shark is always allowed to keep a little for his trouble. Whatever happens to the worker, the employment agent must not suffer a loss.

Sometimes there is a wholesome example of poetic justice. For instance, a man in New York was selling phony jobs for fees that ranged from $3 to $25. Then he disappeared. It was not long after, says the recent report of the Industrial Survey Commission of New York, before his place "was stormed by an angry mob of defrauded job seekers . . . furniture was smashed up, and finally someone set fire to the place in the spirit of revenge." Then the mills of justice began to grind. The agent's bonding company settled for 55 cents on the dollar, but by that time so many weeks had elapsed that most of the victims had disappeared. Although the agent returned to the city, the hand of the law never touched him.

Every now and then someone in authority springs into the limelight, making gestures to wipe the fake agencies out of existence. One obstacle in the way of reform is the fact that most of these commercial employment agents do an interstate business. Again, it should be remembered that here is a field of business that invites all comers. The business is transient,

anonymous, and lucrative; moreover little capital and not much experience is needed. What better inducements for wildcat tactics? Experience has long proved the futility of investigations and drives for reform.

We do have free employment agencies. But the free public employment bureau that we have will never solve the problem of the employment shark. It can never compete with the shark because it will not get the confidence of either the employers or the employes. One of its handicaps is that it is too closely identified with the philanthropic and social agencies by which it was parented. It also suffers from democracy, and it lacks imagination. Workers really fall into classes. Maids don't like to mix with scrubwomen, and governesses do not like to mix with maids. Mechanics, laborers, and white-collar workers must be handled separately. The commercial employment agencies recognize this fact of specialization, and profit accordingly. But the free bureau reduces all workers to one democratic level of mediocrity.

The labor market is not a field for individual enterprise. This fact has been generally recognized for years, but the kind of control we have always aspired to has been muddied by sentiment. This movement, like so many of our efforts at humanitarian legislation, has been promoted on the doubtful philosophy of doing good. The man out of work is a brother, all right, and he should have justice, but on such a premise we are not going to arouse much interest in him. Heywood Broun, in last winter's "Give a Job" drive, put it more significantly when he said that the unemployed man is more than a brother; he is a rival. But for the grace of God every worker on the pay-roll, even the salaried official in the swivel chair, might be on the street or in the bread-line. This fact makes every worker a potential customer of the labor agency. Whether there be jobs or not, he should have the assurance of a fair chance without being forced into the dark corners to barter with the traders.

The intelligence of the labor market in a civilized country should be as free as air. It is so among the organized workers. The labor unions handle that matter pretty well. For the unorganized, and perhaps unorganizable, there is only exploitation. The solution lies in a Federal monopoly of the whole job-market, except those occupations where the workers handle their own market. We may reasonably expect such a Government monopoly in time.

Uncle Sam—Greatest Forester

Condensed from American Forests and Forest Life (July, '30)

J. A. Fitzwater
U. S. Forest Inspector, Office of Forest Management

WHEN, as the result of Congressional action in 1905, the National Forests were created, Uncle Sam became sponsor for what was probably the largest forest property of single ownership ever put under regulated forest management. It comprises 149 National Forests — including those in Alaska and Porto Rico — with a total acreage of 159,750,000 acres, of which 85,000,000 acres grow commercial forest crops of sawlogs, ties and poles. In addition there are 20,000,000 acres of woodland and alpine types, which, while they will produce cordwood, posts and other minor products, have their greatest value as a watershed cover in regions subject to the soil-stealing agencies of erosion, and as regulators of stream flow in the high mountainous regions. Scattered over 31 states and territories, and ranging from sea level to elevations of over 10,000 feet and from the tropics to the frozen North, the National Forests embrace about every important forest type found in the North American continent.

When first placed under administration, there was naturally much opposition. Settlers had been accustomed to take wood from the forest in any form needed and from the most convenient sources. Enterprising gentlemen loggers did a flourishing sawmill business, obtaining their timber from what had been unreserved public land. Many tie operators had large contracts with the railroads and, under the guise of cutting the timber from the adjacent land included in the railroad grants, had extended their operations miles back. Under the old lumbering methods no thought had been given to future crops of timber. The supply was considered inexhaustible.

The Forestry Service had to develop methods of cutting for the different types, which in selection forests would remove the ripe timber and leave a thrifty stand for the next crop.

The Forest Service needed two types of men — the man who had a first-hand knowledge of logging and milling and who knew what limitations on logging and utilization could reasonably be required of timber purchasers; and the man, who, as the result of his technical forest training, knew the principles of silviculture, the

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prescribed methods of regulating the cut to obtain sustained yield and how to conduct the various needed surveys.

The work was exacting. Transportation was almost entirely by foot and horseback. Roads in the forest were few and poorly conditioned. Men lived back in the hills months at a time and had little opportunity for outside social contacts. The work required long hours and a disposition which smiled at grueling hikes through rain and snow, over windfalls and brush. Yet the very nature of the work developed an *esprit de corps* in the Forest Service which has seldom been equaled in any organization and which has had much to do with its success.

At first the amount cut was not sufficiently great to raise any question as to overcutting, but as the demand increased it became apparent that if the principle of sustained yield were to be followed it would be necessary to know in advance of offering timber for sale just what the possibilities were of maintaining an annual cut for the manufacturing plants concerned. It emphasized the need of answering the following questions: What timber was tributary to dependent lumber-manufacturing communities, and was there sufficient timber available to maintain operations until the immature stands and the growth on the areas already cut over would make possible a sustained cut; what areas would probably not reproduce naturally to valuable tree species and would therefore need to be artificially reforested; how the presence of tree diseases and forest insects which might impair or even destroy the forest would affect this particular area; and the degree to which the methods of slash disposal used might affect the fire hazard of the area. To answer these questions required a staff of highly trained specialists, and resulted in the creation of the branch of Forest Research.

To picture just how a sale of National Forest timber is handled let us assume that a company has applied for the timber in the South Fork of Spotted Elk Creek, White Springs National Forest. First the timber has to be estimated. This is done by running strips a chain wide at regular intervals through the forest from section lines or established control lines. The diameter and merchantable height of the individual trees on these strips are measured and recorded and the results applied to volume tables. This gives an estimate on a certain percentage of the area and it is then a simple matter to obtain the volume for the total area.

A timber sale appraisal is then made which establishes the ex-

terior boundaries of the tract to be logged and estimates the cost of the different operations necessary. These operations consist of felling the timber, including disposal of slash and diseased trees, cutting the timber into logs and skidding them to some point where they can be transported by steam driving, fluming, auto or horse truck, or railroad. It is then necessary to determine the milling costs and the average value of the lumber when ready for market. The sum of the logging costs, milling costs and a reasonable margin allowance for profit and risk deducted from the average selling price of the lumber determines the stumpage value of a thousand board feet.

A sample timber sale agreement is prepared, its terms fully discussed with the applicant, and the timber advertised for sale for a period varying from 30 to 90 days. Sealed bids are received for the timber and award is made to the highest bidder. The successful bidder is required to furnish satisfactory bond and sign the agreement. When the purchaser begins the construction of his improvements a forest officer is assigned to take charge of the sale. He works with the purchaser in the location of the logging improvements and approves the general scheme of logging, the fire protection plan and the cutting.

He is responsible for seeing that all the conditions of the agreement are complied with — that the trees are felled so as not to injure the reserved lumber, that no unmarked timber is cut, that no unnecessary damage is done by the logging method used, that the slash and defective trees are disposed of properly, that no timber is removed from the sales area prior to scaling.

The estimated stand of timber on the National Forest today is 552 billion board feet, representing about one fourth of the standing timber in the United States. The annual receipts from sales of National Forest timber have grown from $85,000 in 1905, to $4,109,000 in 1929. The timber cut for 1929 was 1,502,000,000 board feet. It is estimated that the National Forests can be made to produce a permanently sustained cut of from five to six times that figure.

Sustained yield means permanency. There develops around any manufacturing industry a dependent community. If this industry has the earmarks of permanency, there is an incentive on the part of individuals of the community to establish permanent homes. Permanent homes demand churches, schools, amusements, stores, garages. Sustained yield is therefore far-reaching and has much more behind it than the mere marketing of the products of the forest.

The Baby Opossum

Condensed from Nature Magazine (August, '30)

Carl G. Hartman

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IN some respects the opossum is the most remarkable animal in America. It is the only marsupial or pouched animal of the New World; the kangaroo and other near relatives all live in Australia. The pouch of the female is a fold of skin stretched around 11 to 15 milk glands on the lower abdomen in a region corresponding to the cow's udder. The pouch may be closed by ring muscles much as a tobacco sack may be closed by pulling the string; in this way the tiny babies may be guarded against cold and other dangers. Shelter, warmth, and food the opossum babies find in this admirable contrivance of Nature designed for the care of her children that are born younger and in most respects less developed than any other mammal babies in the world.

From the egg an opossum ready for birth develops in 12½ days. So small are the babies at birth that a litter of 18 may rest secure in a teaspoon. Such a whole litter weighs one-fifteenth of an ounce — 270 opossums, living, breathing, digesting animals would weigh one ounce. They are less developed than mouse babies, which themselves, as every boy knows, are blind, helpless bits of pink flesh. They do not have their eyes open for the seven or eight weeks that they are in the pouch attached to the teats.

How does so poorly developed a baby reach the pouch and find the teat, for this it must do or die? It was formerly supposed that the mother very skilfully and delicately caught the young in her lips and placed them in the pouch and on the nipples. That's the story one finds in many Nature books still. The facts are that when the baby opossum is born it crawls into the pouch by itself, and it is for this first journey that it has well developed front feet. At two months the young scamper about on the old one, holding on to the mother's rich fur. In another month they hunt food for themselves, but still for some time like to have their mother about for protection.

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Machines That Make Machines

Condensed from Nation's Business (January, '30)

Herbert Corey

EVERY one knows what a tool is. Not so many know what a machine tool is. Not every one can differentiate between the machines that make things and the machines that make the machines that make things.

Seven thousand cars run daily from the production line of an automobile manufacturer, complete to paint and whistle. Seven thousand men, be the same more or less, are engaged in making them. Without machines, 70,000 men, 100,000 men, could not turn out 7000 cars daily. New York is planning a skyscraper to be 91 stories tall. If there were no machines, skyscrapers would peter out at 90 feet. An oil burning locomotive two men high and 20 horses long yanks a mile of freight cars across the passes of the Rockies. Without machines transcontinental travelers would still be walking alongside wagons, punching oxen with sharp sticks.

Machine tools are the machines that make the automobiles and the skyscrapers and the locomotives. Without machine tools the other machines could not be built. Man's puny arms cannot crush ingots of steel into working parts. Thirty thousand of a certain screw used in one American watch barely fill a woman's thimble. What human hand could fashion that screw? What human eye could see its threads? A slab of hardened steel is seized by a magnet, bound automatically to a table, and planed smooth as though it were soft pine. The shavings whirl from it red hot. In a few minutes it is fit to be riveted home forever. How many men would be needed on that task? How long would it take?

Our prosperity is based very largely on these master tools. Without machine tools for the shaping, a ploughshare would be a strip of wood to which had been attached a nose of steel hardened in a blacksmith's forge. The clack of the wooden loom would be heard through opened doors in every village. Books would be printed a page at a time on crude presses from hand-cut type.

There is in Milwaukee an establishment in which metal frames are made for automobiles. From start to finish no human hand touches them. Strips of metal are snatched from freight cars, rolled, bent, shaped, fashioned, riveted, painted, decanted

by scores of intelligent machines. The mechanics have but to walk about looking on. If a breakdown occurs it is automatically signalled. Machine tools made the machines that do these miracles. "Our aim," said Ernest F. DuBrul, general manager of the National Machine Tool Builders' Association, "is to transfer skill and intelligence from the man to the machine."

Not even the trade names are known to many of us. What do we know of cemented tungsten carbide, which costs twice as much as gold and goes through hardened steel as though it were a sirloin? We do not need to know. It is sufficient to realize that, but for the creations of the machine toolmakers, today would be a backward yesterday. In England and on the Continent cars are still being made by hand. Superb cars. Grand cars. Only the very rich can afford them. Buzzing on the highways of the world are millions of other cars in which the not necessarily rich are riding. Made by machines.

It takes ten hours and two men to bore by hand the lubricating hole in a single connecting rod. A machine bores the same hole in six connecting rods at once at the cost of a dime. Increasingly better machines have enabled Ford to cut his inventories from 60 to 30 days. More millions saved. "There is no quantity operation that machines cannot do as well as men, or better."

Screws the size of a horse hair rattle into a hopper. Every screw absolutely true. Complete to the slot in the head. Statistics were once collated by rows of stoop-shouldered men under eyeshades. If one man made a mistake of one figure they were null and void. Machine tools made a machine and now girls toss piles of punched cards into hoppers. Presently the statistics rattle out, new as new, absolutely true.

This is a machine age. A steel age. Everything may be made of steel nowadays, cottages as well as skyscrapers, needles and refrigerators, streets and bookcases. Like the shopmen of medieval London the toolmakers cry: "What d'ye lack, good people? What d'ye lack?" Whatever it is, it shall be made for you. Nothing dismays these machine toolmakers. Bless your heart, they're looking for tougher jobs.

Papa Droissart

Condensed from The Nation (July 30, '30)

A. G. Barnett

FOR two years I superintended mining works in Surinam, Dutch Guiana, with headquarters at Moengo Hill on the Cottica River. This is a region always infested with escaped convicts from the adjoining French penal colony. My friend Droissart was one of these. The gaunt refugees would float to Moengo camp on makeshift rafts or come staggering over trails cut through the jungle by our geologists. From this constant flow of human refuse we salvaged the strongest, prodding the unfit away — to die elsewhere.

Edmond Droissart was a little, almost burnt-out cinder of humanity. Seventy-five years of buffeting had reduced him to a rickety skeleton, with a parched and wrinkled hide, and sparkling eyes. His mind was clear and quick as summer lightning.

The morning of his arrival he lay wide awake on the verandah of the superintendent's house. He was worn out, sopping wet, and shivering with fever. Four similar derelicts slept noisily beside him. The five had reached Moengo during the night.

Strong backs were needed just then to throw up a dyke, and when the doctor had pronounced the four younger Frenchmen physically fit to push spades, they were signed on as workmen. But Droissart proved full of undesirable germs and was too weak for the labor gangs.

"No, old man, nothing doing," the superintendent told him. "I reckon you gotta push on down-river."

"I spik English pretty goot," the Frenchman countered; "an' I mek all kin' of t'ings you want. You want chair, I mek it; you want sofa, I mek you goot one; you want picture of dis camp, I paint him; you want sculpture of yourself, dat too I mek. Ev-re-t'ing I mek. I surprise you. *Mais oui, mes camarades* will gif me food."

The very next morning Droissart hobbled over to see the superintendent with a bundle wrapped in old newspapers.

"For you," he announced. "One lil gif'."

The superintendent shook out two hunting horns beautifully decorated with carved wild beasts, huntsmen, and dogs. The old rip had chipped away all night long.

"Well I'll be doggoned!" exclaimed the superintendent. "You make these? Honest?" He blew a long blast. "Great day! That sure would bring all the coon dogs in four counties a-running, if we were up in old No'th Ca'lina. B'lieve I need a sofy, come to think about it. Oh, Henre-e-e-e! Go fetch a week's rations for Papa Droissart."

In a short time the sofa was produced. The full length of it was caned with strips of finely split "bush rope." There was a comfortable roll to the head part.

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"How'd you get those legs curved like that?"

"Oh, I mek me one lil fine saw."

"What did you make it out of?"

"Oh, I fin' me one hoop from ol' barrel, an' cut out thin piece, an' file lil teeth in 'im. Not cut too good, dough. Mos' one night I work on jus' dem leg."

"Don't you ever sleep?"

"Sometime, yes, I sleep. Forty wink. Mos' time jus' smoke two, t'ree cigarette an' res' lil while. Dat jus' so goot like sleep w'en ol' brain go roun', roun', t'ink, t'ink."

"Well, that's a nifty sofy, all right," said the superintendent. "And now I'm going to give you a steady job. You gotta keep the grounds cleaned up, see? Everything always neat."

Immediately the landscape began to improve. Droissart carted away all the loose stones and laid out pathways and planted beds of roses. He constructed rustic seats around tree trunks, and built a thatched pergola where visitors could sit in the shade. He made a little tin windmill and painted it red. Barand helped him plant a 60-foot pole with the windmill atop it.

"What's that for?" inquired the superintendent.

"Oh, jus' for fun," the old man replied. "Ah . . . dat lil play mash-ine will buz-z-z-z more longer dan dis ol' mash-ine you call Papa Droissart."

The superintendent got into the habit of stopping to talk:

"They tell me you were a kid officer along with Joffre back in 1870; that so?"

"Dey talk too much, no? But yes, dat is true."

"Who's goin' to win this war?"

"France. The Allies."

"How'd they come to send you to Cayenne?"

"Oh . . . wickedness."

"Eh? How's that?"

"Wickedness: wine, women, lying, cheating, always meking trouble. I t'ink I love wickedness."

"That sofa is tiptop. How'd you come to think of making a scroll saw out of a barrel hoop?"

"Oh, if I need somet'ing always I mek it. Ha! Firs' time I go to Senegal dose native dey will not trade me boat to go 'way. Dey no want blanket, shirt, boot. Dey say money — not'ing else. So I re-main two, t'ree day in dat nigger town; pick up all de ol' tin can; melt out de solder; an' mek me plenty nice money for buy one fine boat. Oh, I am one ver' bad ol' man. *Là, là, là, là!*"

When word came that the United States had got into the World War the *déportés* at Moengo took the day off. There were 60 of them; and they drank wine and sang songs and paraded, and ultimately took to chasing the black Dutchmen from end to end of the camp clearing because these unenlightened fellows persisted in remaining neutral. At this celebration Droissart became appropriately intoxicated. He leaned against his windmill pole and saluted.

"France 'ave cas' me out," he declaimed. "Today I cas' out France. Today I tek my stan' un'er de Stars an' Stripe. *Vive l'Amérique! Vive le Président Weelson! Vive Tetty Rose-felt! . . . Voilà.* I am one American."

Soon after this demonstration the old man began to slip. One morning, after preparing early coffee for his

mates, he flopped back into his hammock; and there he stayed. We packed him off to our infirmary, but he sneaked out and returned to his corner of the loggia.

"Dat 'ospital is like prison. Too many year 'ave I spen' in prison. I stay 'ere, eh? My fr'en will 'elp me."

But finally we carried him out and shipped him off to the Catholic hospital in Paramaribo. There the sisters worked over him for a month or so. The whole camp was anxious about his condition.

"Miste' Sup'tendent Ah only inte'cede to make inquiry how is po' Papa Drawsa't?" inquired a corpulent black washerwoman.

"Oh, he's coming along fine, I hear."

"That is good news, sir. Papa is a noble ol' gentleman. Three nights togethe', sir, he set up with my younges' whilst she was drawin' her firs' teeth."

"Ach, yess, how goes it yet wit' Boppa?" inquired Nelius, the Dutch timber clerk.

Even the naked bush Negroes dropped in to talk about the gentle old man.

About the end of June he came back to Moengo, looking fine — for him. He was in fettle all that day, greeting his friends and joking and visiting. "Tomorrow I go to work!"

"Looky here, Papa; see what's goin' to be your next job?" called the superintendent. "See that new shack yonder? Well, that's your private office. You're powder boss, see? No more workin' in the hot sun for you, eh?"

But Papa did not show up at the new shack the next day. He was sick, in his hammock. The second morning the superintendent came to see him; he was sicker.

"Hey, powder boss, what's eatin' you today?"

The Frenchman slowly raised up on his elbow. All his newly acquired energy had melted away. He was only an old, old man, facing in a foreign land the bitter last hours of a life that had somehow gone awry.

"Ah, my fr'en', I t'ink it is too late for powder boss. I t'ink it is too late for — ev-re-t'ing. God — has punish me — too — much —!"

And then, surprisingly, he raised up again, voice steady.

"W'at-I-tell-you-'bout-dat-lil-win' mill, eh?"

He was dying on the night before *le quatorze Juillet*. He sent Mila to bring the superintendent.

"One time I tell you one damn big lie — I say I cas' out France — Dat is not — true — Foreffer — I am Fr-rench!"

Then, after a longer pause, he raised up a gray finger and began: "*Allons, enfants de la* —"

His comrades took up the song. Forty outcast Frenchmen thundered the words of the Marseillaise.

And while they were singing, Papa Droissart died.

Among his things they found, wrapped in silk, a signed photograph of a great Frenchman: "To my dear friend Droissart — Zola."

Repartee

Contributions from Readers

The present professor of German in Northwestern University had in his seminar room a portrait of George Washington. A new professor, fresh from Scotland, entering the room, asked, "Whose portrait is that you have on the wall?"

The German professor, surprised at the question, replied, "That is the Gilbert Stuart portrait of George Washington."

"And why," said the new professor, "do you have a picture of George Washington in a German seminar?"

"Because," retorted the German professor, "he was the first illustrious American to pursue German subjects successfully."

Contributed by Emma L. Stuart, La Jolla, Calif.

Mr. Tsu, a prominent Chinese Y. M. C. A. worker, was lecturing in the United States. One evening a fashionable woman stepped up to him and said,

"Mr. Tsu, I hear you Chinese eat rats."

Mr. Tsu looked at her for a moment, then replied, "Madam, I hear you Americans eat hot dogs!"

Contributed by Lucy Ballard, Nanling, Anhwei, China.

A considerable professional jealousy existed between the two artists, George Bellows and Joseph Pennell. At one time Bellows, who had never been abroad, was receiving much praise in the world of art for a number of paintings which he had executed dealing with European subjects. Pennell, speaking at a dinner party at which both men were guests, made a rather sarcastic reference to this fact. Whereupon Bellows rose and, with his slow western drawl, remarked, "As far as I know, Leonardo da Vinci didn't have a ticket to the Last Supper, but he made a pretty darn good job of painting it."

Contributed by Francis W. P. Tolman, Chesham, N. H.

Stonewall Jackson kept close counsel of all his strategic moves, never revealing an inkling of his plans to anyone. Once, when the army was making a mysterious night march, a chaplain, filled with curiosity and presuming upon Jackson's reverence for the cloth, rode up and asked him where they were going. Jackson looked around as if to make sure that no one was listening, and asked earnestly, "My dear Sir, can you keep a secret?"

"Oh, yes," the gentleman replied, "you can trust me, General; I certainly can keep a secret."

"Well," said Jackson drily, "so can I."

Contributed by B. E. Brown, Tarboro, N. C.

Once when John Singer Sargent, the famous painter, was at a banquet, a young woman whom he knew very well said to him, "Oh Mr. Sargent, I saw your latest painting and kissed it because it was so much like you."

"And did it kiss you in return?"

"Why, no!"

"Then," said Mr. Sargent, "it was not like me."

Contributed by Ruth MacClintock, Millersburg, Ky.

Just before sailing on her European evangelizing tour, Aimee Semple McPherson was talking to a group of reporters. Someone remarked:

"Maybe you'll pick up some new creeds over there in Europe, but you'll have to be careful about bringing them back — you know how hard it is to get things through the customs."

"Oh," replied Mrs. McPherson, "there would be no difficulty about that. These new creeds never have any duties attached to them."

Atlanta Journal. Contributed by Merle H. Smith, Arlington Heights, Mass.

When Franklin was 19 years old, he visited London. He was in search of work, and, having learned the printer's trade, went straight to a printing office and made known his errand. The foreman was rather disdainful.

"Ah, a lad from America seeking employment as a printer! Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

Young Franklin stepped to one of the cases and set up these words from the first chapter of John's gospel: "Nathaniel said unto him, 'Can any good come out of Nazareth?' Philip said unto him, 'Come and see.'" The text conveyed such a delicate rebuke, and the work was done so quickly and accurately that a position was granted him at once.

Quoted from Leaves of Light. Contributed by Pearl Fancolly Hallett, Bellingham, Wash.

One Sunday not long after the battle of Santiago Admiral Robley D. Evans was strolling down Broadway. As it was yet some time before services, he entered Grace Church and seated himself in a pew to rest. Before long a well-dressed gentleman came in and seated himself in the same pew. The man became restless and looked at Evans with manifest annoyance. At length he took a card, wrote upon it and requested the usher to deliver it to the man at the other end of the pew.

The card bearing the name of one of New York's 400 carried this information, "I pay $1000 for the exclusive use of this pew." The word exclusive was underlined.

"Fighting Bob" drew out his own card and sent it back with this reply, "You pay too d — much."

Contributed by Dorothy L. Tracy, Eugene, Ore.

Somebody once asked Professor Charles Townsend Copeland (Copey to his friends at Harvard) why he lived on the top floor of Hollis Hall, in his small, dusty old rooms, and suggested that he move.

"No," said Copey seriously, but with the actinic ray in his bright blue eyes, "no, I shall always live on the top floor. It is the only place in Cambridge where God alone is above me." Then after a pause, "He's busy — but He's quiet."

Contributed by Thayer Cummings, New York, N. Y.

This Competitive Era

Excerpts from The Business Week

WOMEN are said to influence or decide 85 percent of all retail purchases, and if the truth were known, most of their decisions are made by the "sound" of the price. Be it melons or canned goods or soap, it is easier to sell them at "three for a quarter" than at eight cents each, because it "sounds" cheaper. The dress that could profitably be sold for $6 is sold readily when marked $6.75, because women have mysteriously decided that $6.75 "sounds" like a better bargain than does $6. Similarly every line of retail merchandise has its "sound" scale of key prices and the successful manufacturer and wholesaler prices his goods so that ultimately the retailer can hit one of those key prices after adding his mark-up. In reducing retail prices it is not possible to make uniform horizontal drops. The public is accustomed to certain price levels. Often it is better business to "build merchandise," while leaving the quoted price unchanged. This is especially true of seasonal items. This year the dollar doll, for example, will be a little bigger, with finer clothes, an extra petticoat, better eyes, and other refinements. Standard retail price levels, under $1, are 98c., 79c., 69c., 59c., 50c., 49c., 39c., 29c., 25c., 19c., 15c., 10c., 9c., 5c. Unless a retailer can reduce a price one full notch, he had better leave it as it is.

When the John B. Stetson Company of Philadelphia has completed the marketing organization for its new line of feminine headgear, the milliners of today are very likely to join the dressmakers of long ago. Old methods of manufacture have been entirely discarded, and modishly styled hats for town, travel, and sportswear will be made over blocks, the size and style permanently built into each. It is anticipated that the introduction of definite sizes will be particularly popular. Labeled and packed like other regular shelf merchandise, the retailer is enabled to order and re-order as he would any other staple item.

Of the 163,335 miles of pipe lines now in existence, 60,000 miles are used for piping natural gas, 102,000 miles for oil and 335 miles for gasoline. At least 9000 miles of trunk line will be built this year. Fuel engineers see in this enormous network more than a transportation system for the three fuels now being piped through it. They see a permanent system for the transportation for all types of piped fuel. They even see the day when coal will be transformed into gas at the mines and piped through the underground system to consuming points. One eastern utility has gone so far as to experiment with transporting coal by pipe line, first reducing it to powder, mixing it with water, then piping it to destination, where it is dried and again becomes powdered coal.

Lumber no longer is just lumber.

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The lumber industry has instituted extensive market and product research which has developed new uses, new markets, even new materials to permit lumber to hold its own against metals and other competitive products. Shingles were among the first to give way to slate and various composition materials. Now the lumber industry offers shingles 24 inches and 36 inches long, correspondingly thick at the butts, which are expected to serve for at least 60 years. Such shingles have proved to be remarkably fire-resistant, even without treatment. To combat the argument that wood is easily combustible, the industry has developed chemicals which make it practically fireproof. It is maintained, even, that with an average fire, heavy timber construction is safer than any other since the thick timbers will not fail in a fire hot enough to buckle steel posts and girders. Fire-resistant doors of wood are sold in quantities for ships, hospitals, office buildings, and other installations where fire-resistance is particularly desirable. . . . To meet color competition, wood is being stained under pressure which permeates the log before it is sawed into lumber. By impregnating the earth around the roots of trees with proper dyes the trees themselves are being stained where they stand.

And now the railroads are going into the haberdashery business. The Burlington system is laying in a stock of pajamas on its crack trains to sell to absent-minded or hurried travelers who get aboard without their accustomed sleeping garments. In addition, the unprepared traveler will find a stock of razors, blades, shaving soap, and other toilet articles.

The canning industry in the United States alone amounts to some $610,000,000 annually. Expansion here has been vastly greater than in other countries, largely because of automatic can-making machines developed by the industry. New uses help. One company has developed a market for canned small potatoes — a size which is not readily marketable. Another concern discovered new possibilities in cranberries. Ripe cranberries, formerly wasted because the product for fresh shipment had to be packed before complete maturity, are now picked at the point of perfection, cooked, canned, advertised, and sold at a premium. The three great items of the industry are tomatoes, corn, and peas. The United States annually consumes more than 16,000,000 cases of each of these commodities.

Traction companies have long bewailed that generosity on the part of motorists which encourages the practice of "thumbing" rides, but few have attempted to back their objections with concrete figures. Now the Eastern Massachusetts Railway says it costs this Boston district electric line 1500 passengers a day, more than $50,000 revenue in 1929. The company has sought official aid and the police chief of Chelsea has ordered policemen to issue summonses to persons caught with their thumbs out in solicitation of lifts.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT (p. [illegible]) is well known as a dramatic critic and author. In the latter capacity he has been connected with the New York "Times," "Herald Tribune," and "World." He spent two years as an enlisted man in the A.E.F., including one year in the editorial council of "The Stars and Stripes." He is the author of several books, among them "Enchanted Aisles," "The Story of Irving Berlin," and "Going to Pieces."

AVIS D. CARLSON (p. [illegible]), married, admitted to an attorney, has taught English at the University of Illinois.

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD (p. [illegible]) was in Europe as a correspondent intermittently from 1914 to 1921, and was in every capital and every army, both sides, except Turkey, Bulgaria and Rumania, writing articles for "Everybody's," "Collier's," "Harper's," "Metropolitan," etc. He attended the Paris Peace Conference and the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. Since 1924 he has been a staff correspondent of "Collier's" investigating prohibition enforcement, state penitentiary systems, etc. He is the author of a number of books.

IRWIN ST. JOHN TUCKER (p. [illegible]) has had experience as a clergyman, social worker, and journalist.

ALLEN RAYMOND (p. [illegible]) is a member of the staff of the New York "Herald Tribune," who recently returned from an extensive tour of investigation into economic conditions in various parts of the country.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER (p. [illegible]) is one of the leading Negro journalists of the United States. He served in the Army for several years, has also been porter in a drug-store, laborer and machine-tender in a brass foundry, collector for a [illegible] company, repairer in a piano factory, dishwasher in a couple of Broadway hash emporiums, bank messenger, laborer, shoveler, and hobo. Meanwhile he took [illegible] courses at the New School for Social Research, the Rand School, the People's Institute and wherever else knowledge could be acquired cheaply. He says: "From my mother, who, aside from being rated an excellent cook by the 'best' families, was a great reader of literary, and knew American and especially Negro history, I inherited a taste for good books, a horror of cant and hypocrisy, and a vigorous iconoclasm." His forthcoming first book, "Black No More," is to be published this Fall.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON (p. [illegible]), for many years Paris correspondent of "The Times" (London), recognized in France as well as in England as an intimate and just interpreter of French thought and manners. Distinguished alike as journalist and author, he has written authoritatively on international politics, economics, and European affairs generally.

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS (p. [illegible]), a distinguished lawyer, is best known as a defender of unpopular causes. He was associated with the defense of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the Scopes trial at Dayton, and the suppression of "The American Mercury" in Boston. As national director of the Civil Liberties Union he has shown himself one of the most active defenders of the right of free speech in this country.

RODNEY GILBERT (p. [illegible]) spent 17 years as a journalist in China. He now lives in Pennsylvania, but China in retrospect provides a contemporary of themes for his talented pen.

KATHERINE CASEY (p. [illegible]) is director of the Fashion and Merchandising Information Division of the Hahn Department Stores, Inc. ELAINE SULLIVAN is a member of the "Atlantic Monthly" staff in charge of publicity.

WILLIAM BEEBE (p. [illegible]) has international reputation as a scientist and explorer. His recent expedition to explore the sea off Nonsuch, Bermuda, was Dr. Beebe's 12th scientific expedition as director of the Tropical Research Division of the New York Zoological Society. This article is taken from a chapter of Dr. Beebe's forthcoming book, "Nonsuch" which is to be published (with 48 illustrations) by G. P. Putnam's Sons this Fall. Among Dr. Beebe's other books are "Galapagos," and "Beneath Tropic Seas."

DONALD A. LAIRD (p. [illegible]) has taught psychology at the State University of Iowa, University of Wyoming, Yale, Northwestern University, and Colgate. Since 1923 he has been Director of the Psychological Laboratory at Colgate. He has written widely on psychological subjects and is a member of various committees studying the elimination of unnecessary noise and unnecessary fatigue. He appears in this issue of The Reader's Digest again as the author of "Work and Fatigue."

EARL HANSON (p. [illegible]) has spent four years in geographical and allied research in the Chilean Andes, the Atacama Desert, and Patagonia.

HOWARD FLORANCE (p. [illegible]) is managing editor of the "Review of Reviews."

FRANK SWINNERTON (p. [illegible]), English novelist and lecturer, is author of "Summer Storm," "Nocturne," "Shops and Houses," and "September."

T. SWANN HARDING (p. [illegible]), Maryland Chemist, now editor of scientific publications in the United States Department of Agriculture.

NELS ANDERSON (p. [illegible]) spent his early adolescence selling newspapers, his late teens and early twenties in hobosteel. His favorite diversion is collecting hobo poetry.

J. A. FITZWATER (p. [illegible]) is forest inspector in the Office of Forest Management in the Forest Service, at Washington, D. C., entered the service following his graduation from Yale Forest School.

A. G. BARRETT (p. [illegible]) is a writer of fiction and travel stories.

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